SCHENKER BARCLAY JAMES NIGHTWING IQ PALLAS

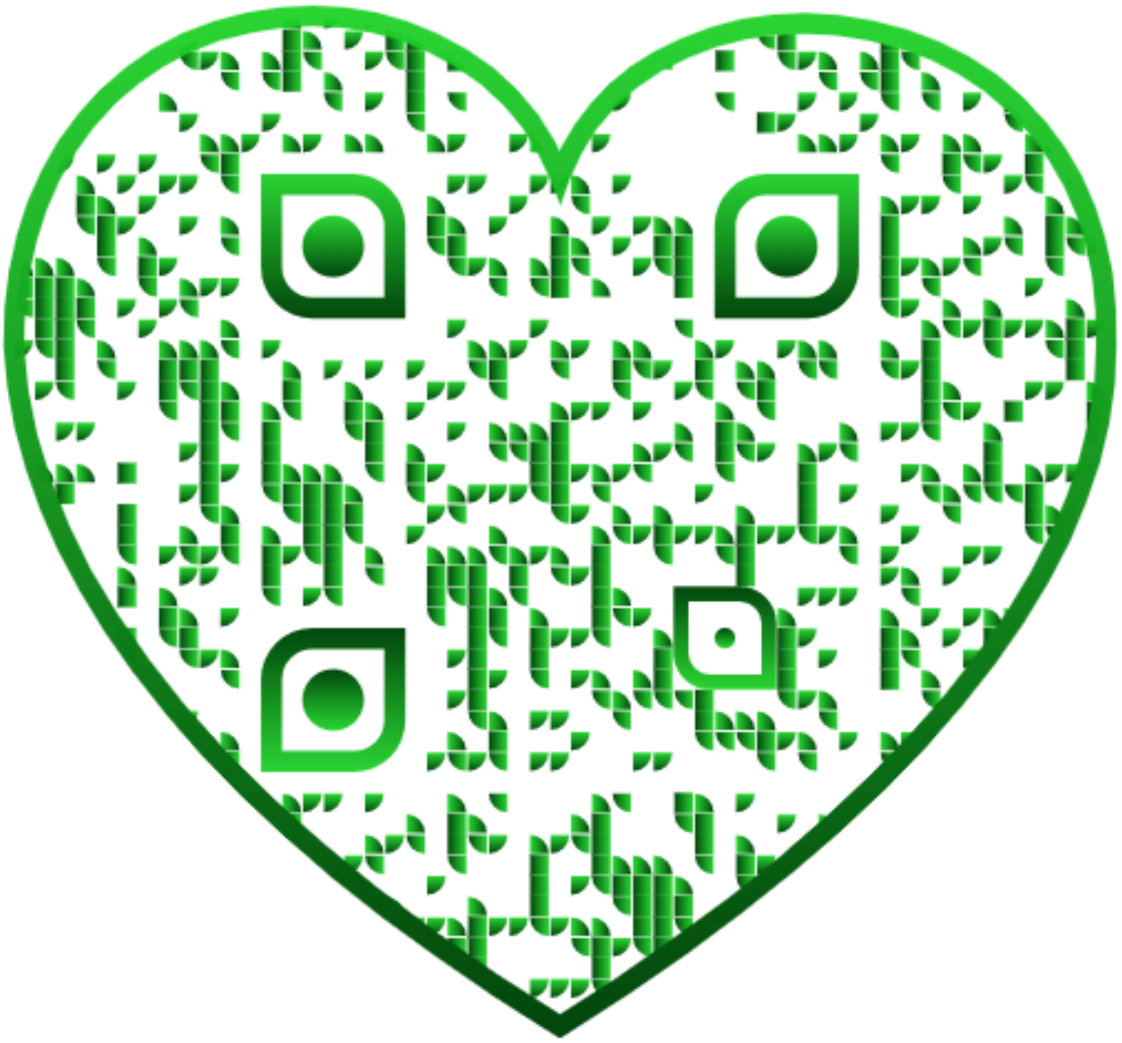
April 19 – May 2 No.66 70p

KERRANG!

SONIC SAMURAI

JAPANESE HEAVY METAL – SIX PAGE EXTRAVAGANZA

Illustration 'Krushor' Joule



MAYHEM

■ **MAMA'S BOYS** are currently working with producer **Chris Tsangarides** at London's Battery Studios on their first American album. Titled 'Mama's Boys', it will be released in the USA by Jive Records on May 10, though whether it comes out in the UK has yet to be decided.

The trio are actually re-recording seven tracks from their two previous albums, these being **'Straightforward'/'In The Heat Of The Night'/'Runaway Dreams'** (from 'Plug It In'), and **'Crazy Daisy's House Of Dreams'/'Lonely Soul'/'Midnight Promises'/'Gentleman Rogues'** (from 'Turn It Up'). One new number will be featured in the set, *viz* **'The Professor'**, an instrumental starring guitarist **Pat 'The Professor' MacManus**.

On the live front, the band play two shows with **Samson** at the end of April, namely **Belfast Ulster Hall** 25 and **Dublin SFX** 26. They then headline a two-week tour of France (starting on May 9) and are expected to undertake their debut American trek towards the end of the year.

■ **JOHN KAY & STEPPENWOLF** have just issued a new album on the Attic label in Canada. Titled **'Paradox'**, it was produced by **Richard Potoller** (who engineered for the band on such classics as 'Born To Be Wild' and 'Magic Carpet Ride') at American Recording Studios in California. The track listing is:

Side One: **'Watch Your Innocence', 'Nothin' Is Forever', 'You're The Only One', 'The Fixer', 'Give Me News I Can Use'.**

Side Two: **'Only The Strong Survive', 'Ain't Nothin' Like It Used To Be', 'Slender Thread Of Hope', 'Tell Me It's Alright', 'Circles Of Confusion'.**

All songs were penned by the band, whose line-up is Kay (guitars/vocals), **Steven Palmer** (drums), **Michael Palmer** (lead guitar), **Michael Wilk** (keyboards) and **Gary Link** (bass).

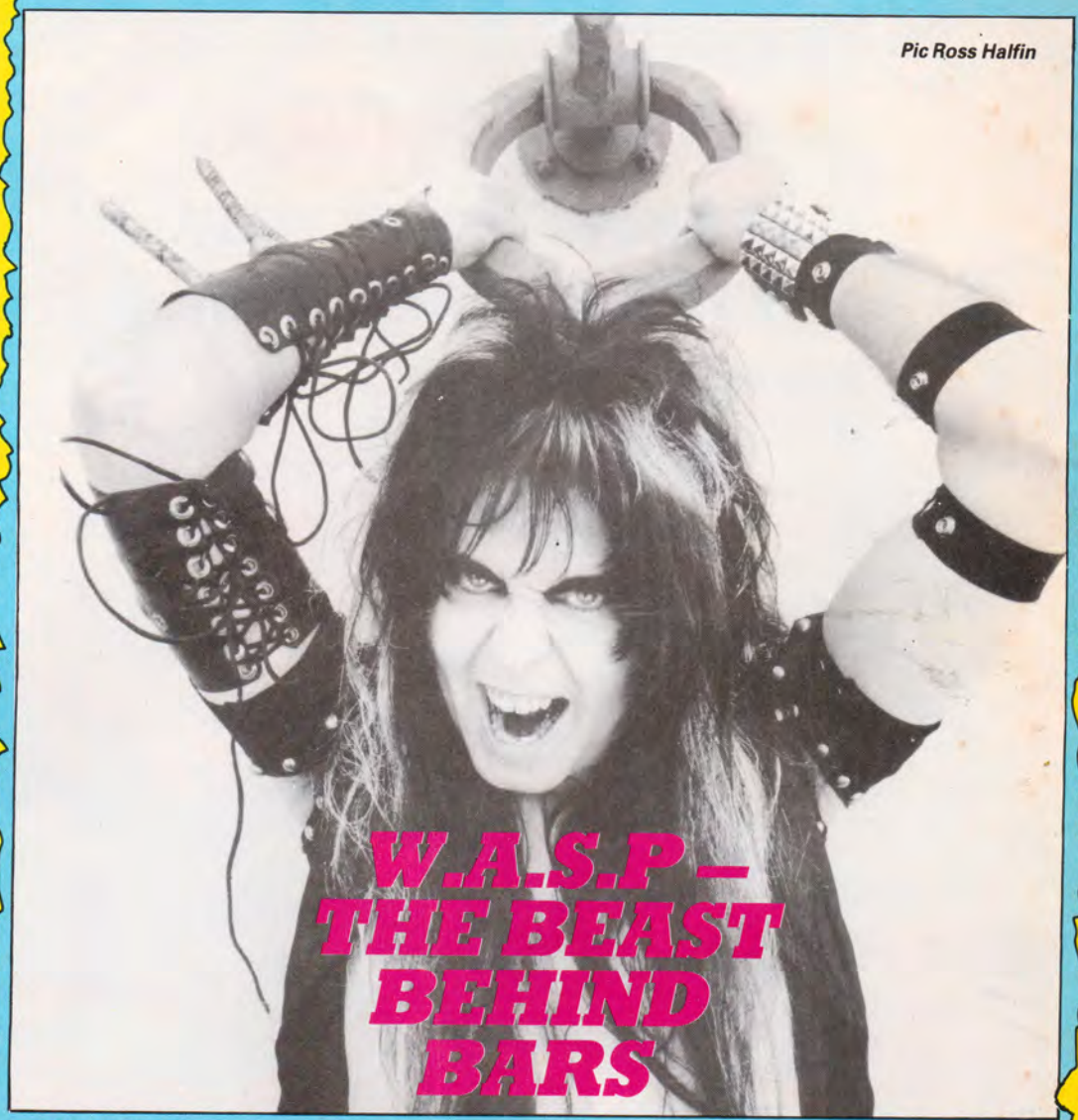
The quintet head out on a Canadian tour during May, topping the bill at 2-3,000 capacity halls.

■ **SUZI QUATRO** has just finished recording material for release as a single. It was produced by **Mickie Most** at RAK Studios in London and the results should be out on the RAK label within the next few weeks.

Following on from the single, Suzi's long-awaited new album, **'Suzi Q'**, is likely to be issued in early Summer. And, as she announced a few months ago in the pages of *Kerrang!* (*The Resolute Approach*, issue 58), the leather lady will be undertaking a world tour before the end of '84, dates for which are expected to be released soon.

■ **TRIUMPH** HAVE just begun work on their latest studio album. Co-produced by the band and **Ashley Howe** at Metal Works, Toronto, it's likely to be finished in late June. As yet no release date has been set, though the trio hope to have it out during August. It remains uncertain which label will be issuing this LP.

■ **NAZARETH** ARE currently recording a new album with producer **John Eden** at Castle Sound Studios in Dunfermline. Tentatively titled **'The Catch'**, it's expected to be issued during late May/early June in Europe and North America. However, no plans have yet been made for a UK release. In fact, the band's previous LP, **'Sound Elixir'**, still hasn't been made officially available in Britain!



Pic Ross Halfin

W.A.S.P — THE BEAST BEHIND BARS

■ *LOS ANGELES quartet **W.A.S.P.** (bassist/vocalist **Blackie Lawless** pictured above) won't be releasing their controversial debut single, **'Animal (I . . . Like A Beast)'** on the Capitol label in Britain as expected.*

Apparently, following our front cover feature on the band (issue 65), the company re-examined the legal ramifications of putting out such a record, and after seeking advice from Queen's counsel, elected to withdraw it from their schedule.

According to a spokesman for the band, at first Capitol believed the only possible cause for concern lay in the original sleeve design featuring a picture of Lawless in his infamous cod-piece. Thus, when this was altered to a plain black bag with a sticker warning about the song's obscene lyrics, it was felt adequate precautions had been taken against prosecution.

However when our interview was published the label re-examined their position, realising W.A.S.P's sense of outrage went far beyond the sleeve. According to Queen's counsel: "This isn't a normal song with obscene language. It's a song about 'animal' sex with no emotional or love involvement, which can be corrupting to young people."

A spokesman for Capitol emphasised the seriousness of the situation by informing us that: "We actually sought legal guidance a few weeks ago but decided to schedule the single for April 16 in the meantime because if we were given the green light then we'd be in a position to get it out quickly. However, the advice given suggested that should this appear, then the label/band/record retailers who stock it faced the chance of criminal proceedings. We felt the risk was too great."

It's worth noting that such is the current sensitivity towards censorship in the UK, heightened by the crack-down on 'video nasties', that WH Smith (one of the principal outlets for magazines) were considering withdrawing stocks of the last issue of Kerrang! *because of the front cover photo.*

In the wake of Capitol's decision, W.A.S.P are now looking for an independent label willing to issue the single in its 'cod-piece' sleeve (it's worth noting that Capitol, as a public company have more legal constraints than any independent organisation). At the time of going to press, no deal had been signed. However when it does emerge, the first 10,000 copies of 'Animal . . .' will contain a W.A.S.P patch.

There's also a chance that this record will be released in certain European territories on the Capitol label, depending on the legal position encountered in each individual country.

The problems caused by the record aren't expected to affect the long-standing relationship between the four-piece and record company. W.A.S.P remain signed on a world-wide, long-term deal and future product will appear as outlined in our last issue.

■ **VENOM** have altered the date of their show at **London Hammersmith Odeon** from May 28 to June 1. All tickets are priced at £4.

■ DARLINGTON TRIO **Young Blood** have just issued a four-track 12" EP on the Landslide label. Titled **'First Blood'**, it was recorded at Woodland Studios in Wakefield and has the following track listing: **'Hold On To Love'**, **'Your Money Or Your Life'**, **'Good Time Tonight'**, **'Dangerous Games'**. All songs were written by the band.

■ **HANOI ROCKS** issue a 55-minute live video on April 19. Directed by **Marc Over** at London's **Marquee Club**, it has the following track listing: **'Pipeline'** (originally recorded by the **Shondells**), **'Oriental Beat'**, **'Back To Mystery City'**, **'Motorvatin'**, **'Until I Get You'**, **'Mental Beat'**, **'Beer & A Cigarette'**, **'Don't You Ever Leave Me'**, **'Tragedy'**, **'Malibu Beach'**, **'Taxi Driver'**, **'I Feel Alright'**, **'Train Kept A Rolling'** (a rock classic covered previously by such luminaries as **Aerosmith** and **Motörhead**), **'Under My Wheels'** (the **Alice Cooper** hit), **'Blitzkrieg Bop'** (written by the **Ramones**).

At the same time, a double live album of the Marquee gig is released on Johanna Records in Finland. Available only on import, it features all the above songs plus **'Visitor'**, **'11th Street Kids'**, **'Lost In The City'** and **'Lightning Bar Blues'**.

The band play two shows in England towards the end of April, *viz* **Norfolk Kaister Holiday Camp** 22 (Motörhead are also appearing at this special 'Radio One DJs' Weed-end') and **Nottingham Palais** 23. Tickets for the latter are priced at £4. A full UK tour begins on June 2.

■ FORMER **FREE** bassist **Andy Fraser** has just issued a solo album through Island Records in America. Titled **'Fine, Fine Line'**, it was produced by **Fraser/John Eden/ Bob Marlette** and mixed by **Hugh Padgham**. It has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Fine, Fine Line'**, **'Branded By The Fire'**, **'Chinese Eyes'**, **'Knocking At Your Door'** (recently covered by **Ted Nugent** on his 'Penetrator' album), **'Million Miles Away'**.

Side Two: **'Do You Love Me'** (written by **Berry Gordy**), **'Night To Last Forever'**, **'Danger'**, **'One Night Love Affair'**, **'Living This Eternal Dream'**.

With the exception of 'Do You Love Me', all numbers are originals.

Fraser is responsible only for the LP's vocals. His backing band includes Marlette (keyboards), **Michael Thompson** (guitar), **Dave Faragher** (bass) and **Tony Braunagel** (drums).

■ AUSTRALIAN QUARTET the **Church** have just released their third album on the Carrere label. Titled **'Seance'**, it was produced by the band at Studio 301 in Sydney and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Fly'**, **'One Day'**, **'Electric'**, **'It's No Reason'**, **'Travel By Thought'**.

Side Two: **'Disappear?'**, **'Electric Lash'**, **'Now I Wonder Why'**, **'Dropping Names'**, **'It Doesn't Change'**.

The band are likely to play some British and European dates in the late Summer.

■ FRENCH FOUR-PIECE **Satan Jokers** have just released their second album on the Vertigo label. Titled **'Trop Fou Pour Toi'**, it was produced by **Dominique Mouton** at Studio d'Aguesseau and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Pas Fréquentables'**, **'(Bienvenue Au) Sabbat'**, **'Adrien'**, **'Infidele'**, **'La Marche Hérétique'**.

Side Two: **'Trop Fou Pour Toi'**, **'Par Habitude'**, **'Vices Privés'**, **'Envie De Toi'**.

An English version of the LP has also been recorded, but to date there are no plans for its release. In the meantime, *les* Jokers (who insist they've got nothing to do with Black Metal) are presently touring France, Belgium and Switzerland.

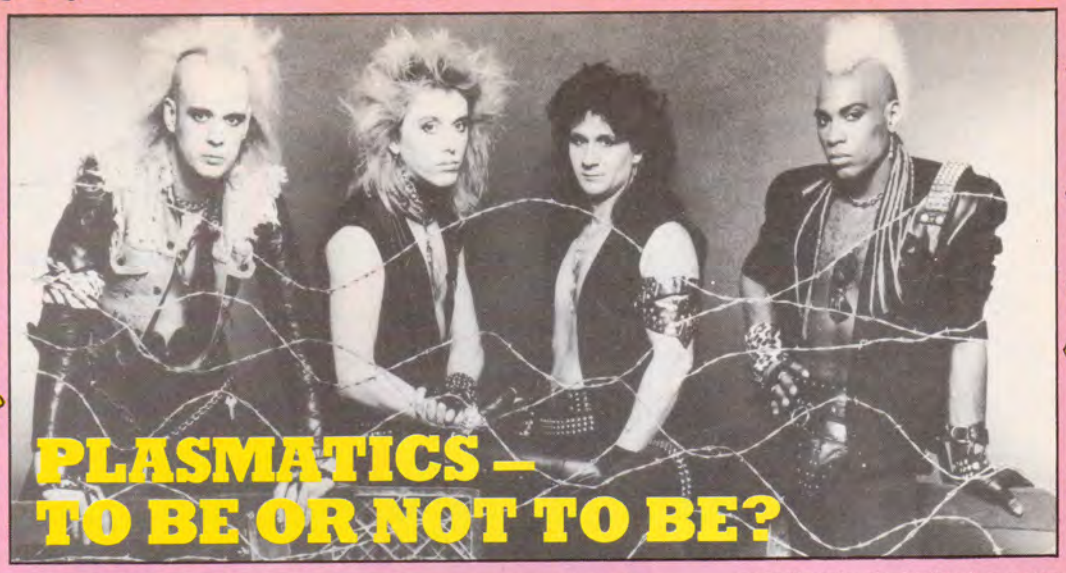
■ **ADRIAN ZMED**, who plays the role of **Vince Romano** in the TV series *'TJ Hooker'*, has just issued a self-titled, six-song solo album on the Attic label in Canada. Produced by **Rick Derringer** at Right Track Studios (New York) and Cherokee Studios (Los Angeles), it has the following track listing: **'Oh What A Night'** (written by **Nancy Simmonds**), **'The Kind Of Girl I Like'** (**G.A. Wallace**), **'Whiplash'** (**H. Greenfield/R. Preston**), **'New Romance'** (**Beau Hill/Amanda Blue**), **'Run Girl Run'** (Nancy Simmonds) and **'Always A Rebel'** (**Holly Knight/Anton Fig**).

Zmed handles the vocal chores, whilst Derringer plays all the guitars and **Edgar Winter** is featured on saxophone. The LP's executive producer was **Jake Hooker**, a member of Seventies bubblegum band **The Arrows** and co-writer of 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll'.

The music is said to be in the hard rock vein.

■ LONDON HM specialist store Shades are no longer promoting shows at the Royal Standard in Walthamstow. Following the recent appearance there of Canadian trio **Exciter** (see *Koncerts*, issue 65 for

CONTINUES OVER



PLASMATICS – TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

■ ***PLASMATICS*** *MEMBERS* ***Richie Stotts*** *(guitar – above, extreme left) and* ***Jean Beauvoir*** *(vocals – above, extreme right) have formed a new band called* ***King Flux****. Completing the line-up are* ***Tony Petri*** *(drums – above, second from the right) and* ***Tommy Lafferty*** *(bass – above, second from the left).*

Petri was with ***Twisted Sister*** *for a brief time and appeared on the band's first two self-financed singles ('I'll Never Grow Up, Now' and 'Bad Boys (Of Rock 'N' Roll)'), released in 1980. He also played with the Plasmatics on their 'Beyond The Valley Of 1984' tour in '81 and is featured on a brace of live tracks ('Sex Jockey'/'Master Plan') on the band's 'Metal Priestess' mini-LP.*

Lafferty was one of the musicians used by Beauvoir on his solo album a few years ago.

King Flux have just finished recording three songs at Hit Back Studios in New York. Produced by Beauvoir, the titles are ***'No More Time For Dreams'***, ***'Kingdom Come'*** *and* ***'What You Don't Know Doesn't Hurt You'****. All these numbers were penned by Stotts/Beauvoir. At present they are looking for a recording deal and hope to begin touring in June/July, including European dates.*

Commenting on the Plasmatics situation, Stotts (who founded the band and is featured on all their product) stated that: "The band is finished, utterly finished. What happened was that we started a new album last Summer and the management suddenly decided to change the name of the band from Plasmatics to ***Wendy O. Williams****! At that point I walked out."*

Replying to Stotts' allegations on the Plasmatics, Wendy's manager ***Rod Swenson*** *said: "It's never been Wendy's intention to say anything publicially about Richie or the Plasmatics situation. However, since he has made certain accusations, it's imperative we have our say.*

"Firstly, the name 'Plasmatics', is owned by Wendy and the management. No-one else has a right to announce anything about the band being dissolved. In actual fact, there's still a possibility that a Plasmatics album will be recorded in the future.

"As for Richie's suggestions about his reason for leaving, let me say this. Wendy was signed as a solo artist to Capitol Records and out of loyalty she insisted on using all of the Plasmatics boys for the 'Coup D'Etat' album, despite problems arising with Richie because ***Dieter Dierks*** *(who produced the LP) was unhappy with his guitar technique.*

"Last year, when we were on the road with ***Kiss, Gene Simmons*** *approached Wendy to do an album, something of course we readily agreed to do. Gene, as producer, insisted on having the right to choose all the musicians used on the project. However, Wendy desperately wanted to give the Plasmatics a chance to play on the LP. Richie actually came up with a lot of ideas for lead guitar breaks and played them to Gene. But he was up against a number of hot guitarists (such as a certain* ***Reggie Van Helsinck*** *– a pseudonym for . . .) and wasn't considered good enough. Richie never 'walked out' but continued to try and get on the album, even though he knew all along that it was Wendy's own LP. But at the end of the day he simply wasn't up to the standard Gene required.*

"We wish Richie well with King Flux, but are very saddened by the way he's chosen to re-pay Wendy's loyalty."

LIGHTNING STRIKES!

■ *AMERICAN QUARTET* ***Metallica*** *(guitarist* ***James Hetfield*** *above) have signed a management deal with the Bronze organisation for all territories outside of the USA, where they'll continue to be represented by* ***Johnny Z****. And the band's second album,* ***'Ride The Lightning'****, will be issued in the States during June by the recently formed Bronze-America label; the British release is to be on Music For Nations. However, following this LP, all subsequent Metallica product will be put out by Bronze throughout the world.*

ASSAULT ATTAKK

■ ***WRATHCHILD*** *(pictured above with mystery gal) have just finished recording their debut album,* ***'Stakk Attakk'****, at DJM Studios in London. Produced by* ***Robin George****, it's expected to be issued on the Heavy Metal label in June. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Stakk Attakk', 'Too Wild To Tame', 'Trash Queen', 'Sweet Surrender', 'Kick Down The Walls'****.*

Side Two: ***'Do Ya Want My Luv', 'Law Abuzer', 'Shokker', 'Alright With The Boyz', 'Wreckless'****.*

The LP is likely to contain an inner sleeve cartoon of the Wrathchild story. And the glamsters are likely to be touring the UK during June/July.

From previous page

review), a serious disagreement arose between Shades proprietor **Mike Shannon** and the management of the pub. As a result of this, the relationship (which began in September of last year) has been terminated.

"We feel that we never got sufficient help from the landlord **(Tony Butcher)**," commented Shannon. Butcher himself felt that: "whilst at first the gigs were well advertised, in recent times there has been a lack of promotion. We are still intending, though, to promote live rock shows."

Any bands interested in playing at the Royal Standard can contact Butcher on: **01-527 1966**.

In the meantime, Shannon is searching for an alternative venue to house future Shades promotions.

■ IN ISSUE 64, we inadvertently announced the date of **Status Quo's** headlining appearance at **Selhurst Park** as being on July 4. This should, of course, have been printed as July 14.

■ GERMAN BAND **Viva** are currently recording their third album at Polar Studios in Stockholm. As yet untitled, it's being produced by **Pete Hinton** and engineered by **Will Reid-Dick**. The LP will come out on the Metronome label in Germany and the group are presently negotiating with a major company for releases in the UK and USA.

■ PROGRESSIVE BAND **Pendragon** start work on their debut album on April 23. As yet untitled, it's to be produced by **Pete Hinton** at a studio in Guildford. The quartet are expected to sign a recording contract in the near future.

■ FORMER **LONE STAR/URIAH HEEP** vocalist **John Sloman** has signed a worldwide recording contract with EMI. He is likely to begin work on an album in the near future, using as yet unnamed guest musicians. To date, no producer has been selected for this project.

■ VETERAN PROGRESSIVE rockers **Jethro Tull** are currently working on a new, as yet untitled, album at **Ian Anderson's** recording studio in Buckinghamshire. It's scheduled for release on the Chrysalis label during August. The band are expected to undertake a UK tour in September.

■ LOS ANGELES quintet **Legs Diamond** have just issued a new six-song mini-LP on the Target label in America. Titled **'Out On Bail'**, it was produced by **Mark Smith** at Sound City Studios in Van Nuys (California). The track listing is: **'Find It Out', 'Out On Bail', 'Fugitive', 'Walkaway', 'Nobody's Fool', 'One Way Ticket'**.

■ **VIRGIN STEELE** are currently working on their third album. To be titled either **'Noble Savage'** or **'Killer Instinct'**, it's being co-produced by the band with **Zoran Busic** at Phase One Studios in Toronto and is expected to be released in June.

■ **TOKYO BLADE** have parted company with vocalist **Alan Marsh**. The official reason given is 'musical differences', although reports suggest that the band were unhappy with Marsh's performance as their frontman.

■ *TOP BLUES guitarist* ***Johnny Winter*** *(pictured above) has just issued a new album, the 14th of his lengthy career. Titled* ***'Guitar Slinger'****, it's available on the Alligator label in the USA and Sonet in the UK. It was co-produced by Winter with* ***Bruce Iglauer*** *(president of the Chicago-based Alligator company) and* ***Dick Shurman****.*

The full track listing for the album is:

Side One: ***'It's My Life Baby'*** *(written by* ***D. Robey****),* ***'Don't Take Advantage Of Me'*** *(L. Baker Jr),* ***'Iodine In My Coffee'*** *(Muddy Waters),* ***'Trick Bag'*** *(E. King),* ***'Mad Dog'*** *(Shuler/Sheffield).*

Side Two: ***'Boot Hill'****, (unknown),* ***'I Smell Trouble'*** *(D. Robey),* ***'Lights Out'*** *(Rebennack/David),* ***'Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye'*** *(A. Reed),* ***'My Soul'*** *(J. Hawkins).*

Musicians featured on this LP include ***Casey Jones*** *(drums),* ***Johnny B. Gayden*** *(bass),* ***Ken Sajdak*** *(keyboards),* ***Gene 'Daddy G' Barge*** *(tenor sax),* ***Billy Branch*** *(harmonica) and the* ***Mellow Fellows*** *horn section.*

Winter is currently touring across North America and is expected to play dates in Europe during July.

■ GUITARIST **KELLY JOHNSON** has left **Girlschool** due to 'musical differences'. According to a source close to the band, Kelly no longer felt happy playing heavy rock.

At the time of going to press, no information had been released on Kelly's future plans. Girlschool, though, will be carrying on and are presently looking for a new guitarist. Watch out for a fuller account on this matter in our next issue.

More Mayhem page 6

TOUR DATES

DAVID GILMOUR *has added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 28. He'll also be playing at Birmingham Odeon on May 1. A new single,* ***'Love On The Air'*** *(from 'About Face'), is currently scheduled for release on the Harvest label at the end of April, although this might be delayed until May.*

DIO *have changed their appearance at Cardiff St. David's Hall from September 14 to 12. They now play Bristol Colston Hall on 14. They'll also be playing Irish shows at Belfast Antrim Leisure Centre 4 and Dublin SFX 5.*

ROGER WATERS *returns to the stage in June to play four British shows: London Earl's Court 21/22, Birmingham NEC 26/27.*

Tickets are priced at £10.50/£9.50 and are available by post from: ***RS Tickets, PO Box 4TS, London W1A 4RS****. All cheques/postal orders should be made payable to* ***'Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd'****. An SAE should be enclosed and five weeks should be allowed for receipt of tickets.*

Alternatively, tickets can be bought from the following agencies:

London – Keith Prowse, Albermarle, Premier, London Theatre Bookings.

Birmingham – NEC box office, Birmingham Odeon, Cyclops Sound.

NEC tickets can also be obtained from: Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Shops (Hanley & Newcastle-Under-Lyme), Lotus Records (Stafford), Barker (Leeds), Way Ahead (Nottingham & Derby), TLCA (Liverpool), City Hall (Newcastle), Playhouse (Edinburgh), Apollo (Glasgow), HMV (Coventry & Leicester).

Credit card hotlines also exist at ***01 741 8999*** *(for Earl's Court) and* ***021 780 2016*** *(NEC).*

Water's touring band will include ***Eric Clapton*** *(guitar),* ***Michael Kamen*** *(keyboards),* ***Andy Newmark*** *(drums),* ***Doreen Chanter*** *and* ***Katie Kissoon*** *(backing vocals),* ***Mel Collins*** *(horns),* ***Tim Renwick*** *(guitar),* ***Chris Stainton*** *(keyboards/bass).*

The first half of the show will consist of ***Pink Floyd*** *'golden oldies' spanning over a decade with numbers from 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun' up to 'Not Now John' from the last Floyd album 'The Final Cut'.*

The entire second half will be given over to a performance of Waters' first solo album, 'The Pros and Cons Of Hitch-Hiking' (see exclusive review, page 10) which will be filmed by director ***Nicholas Roeg*** *(of 'Man Who Fell To Earth' and 'Performance' fame) with a theatrical set in the Floyd tradition, utilising back projections.*

Plans are being finalised for the show to take up a week's residency at a venue in New York.

SAMSON *embark on a headlining tour during April: Stoke Jollees 19, Brighton Pavilion 20, Leicester Palais 24, Belfast Ulster Hall 25, Dublin SFX 26, Plymouth Top Rank 29. Other dates are likely to be confirmed in the near future.*

CLIVE BURR'S ESCAPE *headline shows at London Marquee Club on April 24/25.*

SAMURAI *appear at Taunton The Market House Tavern on April 20.*

ROGUE MALE *appear at Oxford Penny Farthing April 21, Fulham Greyhound 25.*

LAUGHING SAM'S DICE *play a show at Fulham New Golden Lion on April 29.*

WILDFIRE *appear at Oxford Penny Farthing on April 27.*

SEDUCER *have lined up the following shows: London New Merlins Cave April 20, Woking The Old School House 21, Catford Saxon Tavern 28, Lee Green Old Tigers Head 29/May 10/17, London Marquee Club 24, Southend Top Alex June 1, Reading Target Club 2, Southend Top Alex July 6.*

WRAITH*, from Manchester, play Hebden Bridge Wheatsheaf April 19, Preston Arms 28.*

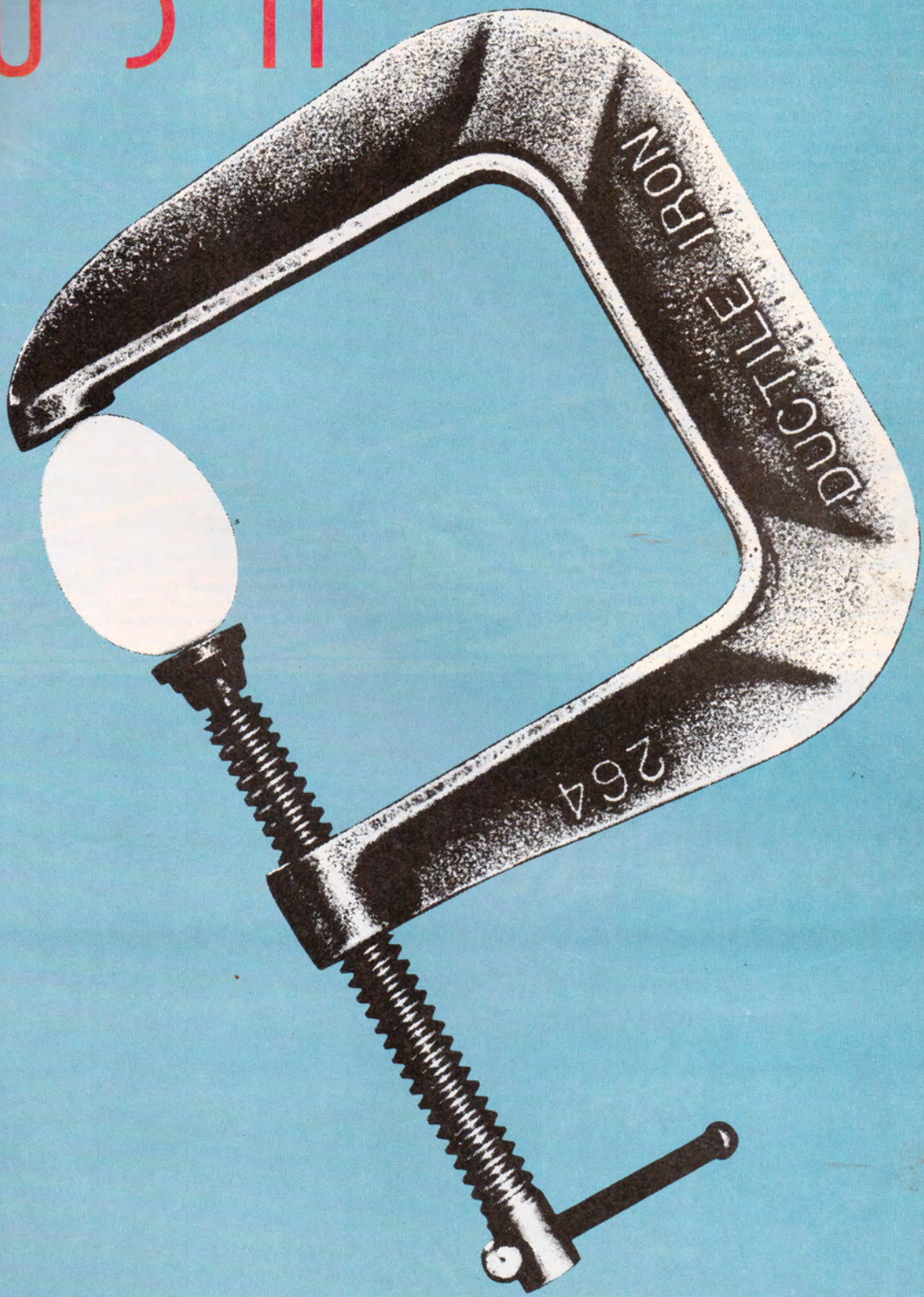
CHARIOT *will be supporting* ***She*** *at London Marquee Club on April 22. They then appear at London New Merlin's Cave (with* ***Alice's Restaurant*** *Roadshow) 29, London Manor Park Three Rabbits (again with the Alice's Restaurant Roadshow) May 3, London Walthamstow Royal Standard (with* ***Radio Floss*** *disco) 11.*

RUNESTAFF*, from Norfolk, play Gt. Yarmouth Cap'n Town April 21, London Tropical Palace 25, East Anglia University May 18, Norwich Mischief Tavern June 24.*

CHROME MOLLY *play shows at Coalville Fox Rock Club April 20, Cannock Moonraker 27. The Leicester quartet issue a three-track 12" single on the Neon/Bullet label in the near future. It's titled* ***'When The Lights Go Down'****.*

GRIM REAPER *appear at Oxford Penny Farthing April 19, Cambridge City Limits 20, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 21, Leicester Palais 26.*

RUSH



GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

New Album and Chrome Tape

phonogram

VERTIGO

FROM PAGE 4

■ RE-FORMED Los Angeles band **Angel** (see *Mayhem*, issue 65) are now recording at Cherokee Studios in LA with producer/engineer **Andy Johns**.

The quintet, whose line-up is original member **Greg Giuffria** (keyboards)/ex-**Rough Cutt** man **Craig Goldie** (guitar)/**Alan Kreiger** (drums – formerly with **Ike & Tina Turner**)/**David Isley** (vocals)/**Rick Pozzo** (bass), are recording five songs and will then choose four of these to be pressed onto vinyl with a view to securing a major label deal. The five numbers will include **'Don't Tear Me Down'**, **'Lonely In Love'**, **'Here Comes Trouble Again'** and **'Do Me Right'**. They are all newly-penned originals.

Talking about the new project, Giuffria stated that: "Angel was always *my* dream. I fought to get it off the ground in the first place and it was *my* band, so it's certainly valid for me to revive the name.

"I did think at one point that using this handle might get a strange reaction from old Angel fans, but my intention is to breathe new life into it. The guys I've recruited now are capable of taking the whole concept several stages beyond what the old band achieved. The music is best described as having the texture of a cinematic symphonic soundtrack allied to heavy rock 'n' roll."

The quintet hope to begin gigging in the near future and their set is likely to include some old Angel material, such as **'The Tower'** and **'The Fortune'**. However, they won't be re-activating the band's celebrated 'all-white' look.

Looking further into the future, once they've secured a recording contract, Angel intend to work on an album, tentatively titled **'Buy Or Die'**.

■ **FASTWAY** RELEASE their second album on the CBS label on June 11. Titled **'All Fired Up'**, it was produced by **Eddie Kramer** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'All Fired Up'**, **'Hung Up On Love'**, **'Misunderstood'**, **'Station'**, **'If You Could See'**.

Side Two: **'Tell Me'**, **'The Stranger'**, **'Non-Stop Love'**, **'Telephone'**, **'Steal The Show'**.

■ **Y&T** are currently working on a new album at Fantasy Studios in San Francisco with producer **Tom Allom**. Originally **Rodney Mills** was scheduled to produce this LP, but on the day he arrived in SF from Atlanta to start the project he suffered a heart attack at his hotel and, although he's subsequently made a good recovery, he felt unable to carry on.

Titled **'Rock 'N' Roll's Gonna Save The Word'**, this is a concept album, featuring such tracks as **'Rock 'N' Roll's Gonna Save The World'**, **'Go For The Throat'**, **'Hot 'N' Heavy'** and **'She's A Liar'**. All songs have been penned by the band in association with top songwriter **Geoff Levy**. The album cover will be based around a super-hero called **Y&T Man**, a half-beast/half-human figure who plays a dominant role in the overall concept.

The LP is presently scheduled to be issued in the US on June 15, with a UK release following later on during the Summer. On the live front, Y&T embark on an American tour on July 1. There is a possibility that they'll interrupt this trek to appear at Donington on August 18, although at the time of going to press this was unconfirmed. However, the quartet will be playing a series of European shows towards the end of the year and this is likely to include an 18-date UK tour.

ALPINE RUN

■ *FORMER* ***KROKUS*** *members (above, left to right)* ***Tommy Keiffer, Mandy Meyer*** *and* ***Chris Von Rohr*** *have joined forces in a new, as yet unnamed, outfit.*

Von Rohr, sacked by Krokus at the end of last year (see Mayhem, *issue 58), has switched from bass to drums, whilst Keiffer (a member of the Swiss quintet for the 'Metal Rendezvous' album tour) has given up the guitar in favour of bass and Meyer (who appeared on the 'Hardware' LP and was until recently with the now-defunct* ***Cobra****) is featured on guitar.*

The trio are presently looking for a young vocalist capable of performing their brand of melodic heavy rock. Any interested parties should send a tape/photo/biography to: ***Rovena Cardiel, 39a Seagrave Rd, London SW6.***

The band are currently without any record label/management deals, although Geffen executive ***John David Kalodna*** *is helping the group to take shape.*

In the meantime, Krokus have actually re-signed a long term contract with Arista Records, thereby negating their previous announcement concerning a pending deal with Geffen (Mayhem, *issue 58).*

The band are presently recording their latest album with producer ***Bruce Fairbairn*** *and engineer* ***Bob Rock*** *at Little Mountain Studios in Vancouver.*

Tentatively titled ***'Midnight Maniac'****, it's expected to be issued in late July/early August. Among those tracks likely to be featured are:* ***'Midnight Maniac'****,* ***'Ready To Rock'****,* ***'Out Of Control'*** *and* ***'Hot Stuff'****.*

Recording will be finished in mid-June, at which point the quintet will shoot two videos for as-yet unnamed songs.

"THERE'S ENOUGH KNEES-UP, GOOD-TIME ATMOSPHERE TO KEEP EVEN THE GLUMMEST METAL FAN HAPPY" DEREK OLIVER (MELODY MAKER)
"I FEEL THIS BAND HAVE THE ABILITY TO BECOME A MAJOR ATTRACTION – I'M ROOTING FOR THEM ANYWAY" DARREN COOK (KERRANG!)

FIRST BORN ALBUM (ULTRA 2) MONY MONY SINGLE PIC BAG (TUK 001)

"FIRST BORN" is the superb debut album from Yorkshire's latest 100% proof export, **BABY TUCKOO.**

Produced by John Verity, prime cuts include **"HOLD IN' ON", "THINGS", "AWOL",** and **"BROKEN HEART"** as featured on Alan Freeman and Tommy Vance shows.

Watch out for Tommy Vance session on Radio One.

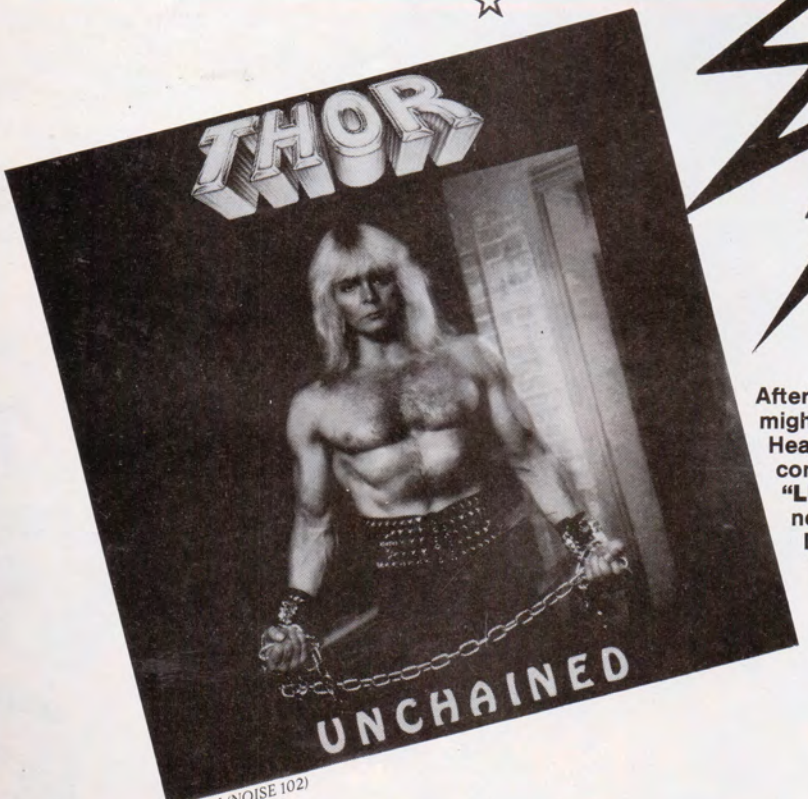
THOR & BABY TUCKOO

together at

THE MARQUEE

8th/9th May

Both nights first 100 people through door get Free t-shirt



ALBUM (NOISE 102)

After sensational live and TV debuts, Canadian mighty man **THOR** is returning to the UK in May. Hear his LP **"UNCHAINED",** stampeding out of control in the HM chart. Watch out for **"LET THE BLOOD RUN RED",** his explosive new single available in limited edition on Picture Disc, with twelve inch in Red Vinyl and out on the 30th April. See the whole dynamic show at the Marquee on May 8th & 9th.

7" Picture Disk!

"LET THE BLOOD RUN RED"

PICTURE DISC (PION 165) SEVEN INCH · PIC BAG (ION 165)
TWELVE INCH RED VINYL (12ION 165)

MAKE SURE YOU CATCH THEM ON TOUR!

DISTRIBUTION VIA PINNACLE

MSG

RIDING THE lightning and rolling the thunder, Michael Schenker (right) has recently been assault attacking America from coast to coast.

The mighty Kraut kerrango played some headlining shows (these photos were taken at one such gig – the Hollywood Palladium, to be precise) and supported Ted Nugent at others. The vibe on the hot-line suggests that the man is rapidly building a strong underground following and that the loss of bassist Chris Glen (now working, it seems, with Brian Robertson and 'Philthy' Taylor) doesn't appear to have diminished his growing popularity. Indeed, sales-wise, the current 'Built To Destroy' album looks like being MSG's most successful to date – it's expected to sell 100,000 copies in Japan alone!

The band had to cut short their US visit by a week as, having compressed their touring schedule to shoot a video for the new American single, 'Rock Will Never Die', Gary Barden's voice began to show signs of strain. However, the present line-up (pictured below, left to right: Barden, Andy Nye, Schenker, Ted McKenna and new bassist David Feldman) has now cemented into a solid unit and looks likely to be the one which will record the next MSG studio opus.

MALCOLM DOME

Pix Ross Halfin

Venom

LEGIONS

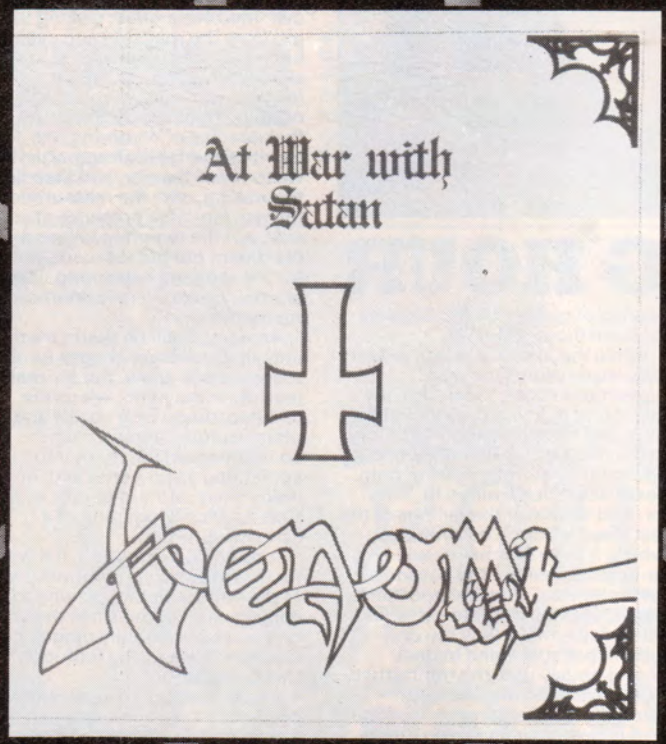
Barbarian! Destroyer! Warrior!

Venom

NEAT RECORDS

NEAT 1015

The Return of
True Power
Metal



Barbaric
Black Metal

Unleashed from the darkest depths of Damnation
to bring forth the book of Armageddon ...

Special Poster Offer
Available on first
10,000 copies

At War with Satan

The 7th Date of Hell Hammersmith Odeon See press for details

Distribution by Pinnacle [0689] 73146

ALBUMS

ROGER WATERS: 'a radically original performer.'

HITCHING HOUR

ROGER WATERS
'The Pros And Cons Of Hitch-Hiking'
(EMI SHVL 2401051)

WITH PINK FLOYD (at least temporarily) on hold and both Dave Gilmour and Roger Waters touring solo, you can't help asking yourself: can they make it on their own?

The first thing that's immediately apparent on this, Waters' first solo album is that, however much talk there's been, including some mutinous rumblings within the band itself, about Floyd's albums becoming expressions of Waters' own ego since 'Wish You Were Here', when Waters actually comes out and makes a personal statement like this, he does it in a way that is as distinct from the sound of Floyd as he himself is from a heavy extrovert axe-man like Gilmour.

And the next is that, once the fickle public (and the even more fickle critics) have got used to the idea that Waters solo is a completely different animal from Waters as the Floyd lyricist and conceptualist, he emerges as a radically original performer who has something to say about the world today, and in a way that has very little to do with the fads that dominate the charts.

Whether this makes him ahead of his time or a decade behind it is perhaps for you to say, because this is an album that's intended to 'say something', and if that causes you to yawn gently behind your hand and turn away, then so be it, because there's no getting away from the fact by concentrating on such peripheral matters as the playing of guest star Eric Clapton (brilliant though that is).

While the Sixties concept album was responsible for a lot of pretentious dross, to be sure, the fact is that it did liberate the rock musician from the moon-and-June imbecilities of Tin Pan Alley pop, to which today's pretty boys of both sexes seem determined to return us. And whatever the failings of the last Floyd album 'The Final Cut' – which, it's my firm belief, will be re-assessed within the decade as a far better work than the poor sales would seem to indicate – it is remarkable that it was the *only* album that attempted to deal courageously with the trends that will turn Britain into Western Europe's first genuine police state if someone doesn't wake up pretty damn soon.

In a way, 'The Pros And Cons Of Hitch-Hiking' is about escape from the realities of 'The Wall' and 'The Final Cut', for it's about dreams. . . most of which turn into nightmares.

The male sexual fantasy of picking up the nubilely available girl on the road; the macho horror of suddenly being surrounded during the act of sex itself by avenging Third World hordes, complete with castrating scimitars; the hippy 'good life' fantasy of 'getting it together' in the country, which inevitably turns into a season of rotting crops and bunged-up septic tanks; the bizarre dream of being urged by Yoko Ono to find fulfilment by leaping from the wing of a plane; and – over and over – the fear of being alone.

Dream takes place within dream, like a set of Chinese boxes or Russian dolls or the layers of the onion, until the final isolation becomes unavoidable.

We've been here before, of course, and despite the break with the past which the album's musical style and approach to its material represents, Waters is constantly hinting at past triumphs as if to establish musical links within his listeners' minds, whether it be the barely-heard murmurings of the paranoid voices on 'Dark Side Of The Moon', or the descending cadence of the power chords at the beginning of 'The Wall's' 'In the Flesh'.

Each of the 11 tracks is fixed in real time by its title, from the opening '4.30am' to the closing '5.11am', so that it actually occupies less objective time than it takes to play the album – like those waking dreams which seem to encompass a whole lifetime between the first jangle of the alarm and the cold feel of the foot on the bedside lino.

Like all such dreams, it has its own mad coherence: picking up the girl from the roadside and eyeing her legs as the wind blows up her skirt, waking from the nightmare (though still in the dream), and deciding to get away from it all into the paradise of Wyoming, the inevitable unfaithfulness with the visitor from the city, and then finally the waking, with the reassurance of the real feminine presence at your side, not the tempting chimera of the dream but the real companion for life, with the reassuring final words: *'I couldn't take another moment alone'*.

As such, it will no doubt translate into vivid concrete images for the touring stage show. But it's really a journey in the mind, which the tortured, despairing vocals and often exultant, serene music counterpointing it, make into something as powerful and, in many ways, as hard to take as a Charles Munch painting of a screaming mouth.

It could be depressing, if it wasn't for that musical counterpoint: some of the most beautiful playing to come from Clapton since the says of 'Layla', and equally magnificent sax from New York's funk idol, David Sanborne.

And it needs to be realised that, while for many of today's pop stars dreams are the means of escape from reality, in Waters' version it is the dream which he finally succeeds in escaping from, and reality which is the refuge.

The only jarring note in the whole affair is represented by the title song, with its jaunty, bluesy melody and chirpy back-up singers (led by the lovely-voiced Madeleine Bell), which is so *up* it seems like a barefaced attempt to hit the charts in the way that the Floyd's last single, 'Not Now John', singularly failed to do.

Musically, it works well enough, but it is so out of character with the rest of the album that it falls through the middle, and only just avoids throwing the entire balance out. As a single (for such it is), it could make the American AOR FM stations, and there's a lovely moment in the middle where a reference to *Shane* is echoed by the young boy's voice from the end of the Alan Ladd movie. But overall, the whole track's like an interlude shoved in to appease the record industry bosses, which would be a strange ploy, coming from such a determinedly successful maverick as Waters.

The judgement of the future on this album may not be very kind, I suspect. But it will have to be respected as the work which marked out Roger Waters' determination to be his own man, having put the collective angst of Floyd behind him.

His second solo album, I predict, will blow your wig off.

KARL DALLAS

THE CARS
'Heartbeat City'
(Elektra 60296)

ONE OF the most-played records in the *Kerrang!* office last week, 'Heartbeat City' is an irresistably catchy record that combines a weighty production, courtesy of 'Mutt' Lange, with a sprightly dance-floor beat. The Cars do for rock what Abba did for pop music. Taking the basic elements of guitar, bass, drums, keyboards and vocals, the five motoring musicians apply meticulously well-rounded arrangements and buoyant performances to vocalist Ric Ocasek's exquisitely-crafted songs.

'You Might Think', their current hit single in America, is a good case in point. The chugging guitars of Ocasek and Elliott Easton pump along to a driving beat supplied by the rhythm section of bassist Ben Orr and drummer David Robinson. Greg Hawkes' *stacatto* keyboard sprinklings weave around a taut verse that builds towards an ultra-hook chorus. Direct and simple without being facile.

It's a few years now since the Cars were in favour in the British charts. Their biggest singles, 'My Best Friend's Girl' and 'Just What I Needed', were hits in the late Seventies, and 'Candy-O' (1979) was their last album to reach the Top Thirty. Yet the line-up has remained unchanged to the present, and the Cars have only got better at what they do – mainstream 'commercial' bop-rock songs. They've picked up a few tricks on the way, and 'Hello Again' opens with some reverse phased vocalese that sounds reminiscent of recent Queen adventures, before whacking into a striding disco octave bass line.

Although 'Heartbreak City' was recorded in London, the Cars' sound is unapologetically American, as on the clipped Bachman Turner Overdrive power chords in 'Magic', music that should be listened to while cruising down the freeway.

'Stranger Eyes' is an uptempo outing with brash majestic crunching chords while, in contrast, 'Drive' is a thoughtful, lush synthesizer-laden ballad, with a vocal that could be mistaken for Cliff Richard. And this is where they (occasionally) come perilously close to the borderline between tasteful rock and slushy pop. Mostly, though, they keep well on the right side of the divide, and 'Why Can't I Have You', although boasting a soft-rock sound conveys a deeply poignant sense of yearning through the sensual lyrics and haunting instrumentation.

Throughout the album, the guitars tend to be held in check, in favour of Greg Hawkes' richly-imaginative keyboard work. This is entirely appropriate to the broad melodic reach of the collection, but is unlikely to appeal to the blood and thunder brigade. A great party record, though, with a high-gloss shine that avoids excessive slickness.

DAVID SINCLAIR

FALLEN ANGELS
'1st'
(Fallout FALL 023)

THAT PROLIFIC ex-Vibrator Knox has persuaded his 'stable-mates' Hanoi Rocks to act as a backing band on this consistently potent platter.

What a combination! Knox is one of the most underrated artists around producing such good singles as '(She's So) Good Looking'. Moreover, his guitar work is quite unique and, as Hanoi's Nasty Suicide takes on the role of rhythm guitarist here, he has free reign throughout to alternatively wrench and coax amazing licks from his battered Strat. The twin guitars grind together perfectly, forcing Sam Yaffa's beefy bass through a crack in the middle. Drummer Razzle and Yaffa work up a great rumble rhythm on 'Falling', for example, while Knox effects his Lou Reed drawl to perfection. The overall effect is somewhere between MC5, the Stooges, the New York Dolls and, of course, the Velvet Underground – but they are just superficial antecedents.

Knox is on his own trying to keep the spirit of the garage bands alive, yet relevant to the Eighties.

PAUL ROLAND

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
'Victims Of Circumstance'
(Polydor POLDC 5135)

SOME BANDS thunder on endlessly through the tundra. Others rampage eternally across the salt plains. Barclay James Harvest, however, are content to sway gently in the breeze of modern rockerama.

As an entity, BJH have no desire to change the world or pander to trend-conscious youth. They've long since laid the pattern for their elegant narration and, within its own parameters, 'Victims Of Circumstance' hits the target as potently as do, say, 'Defenders Of The Faith' or 'Slide It In'. Just because BJH have a different outlook to Judas Priest/Whitesnake, it doesn't mean they're less valid.

By any standards, this is a quite superb exposition of high-class rock music. Les Holroyd's sweeping keyboards whirl through the mix enmeshing comfortably with John Lees' melodic, arrow-sharp guitar sound and Mel Pritchard's hyper-ventilating percussive textures. And, under the naturally fluid production of Pip Williams, the use of both string arrangements and female backing voices lifts the already strong material to oxygen-mask heights.

'Sideshow' and 'Rebel Woman' will find immediate sympathy with REO Speedwagon fans, as Lees' vocal nuances take on an almost Kevin Cronin-like air. Indeed, this is the outstanding feature of 'VOC' – for the first time BJH have openly taken aboard outside Eighties influences, without sacrificing their individuality. Thus, 'Hold On' nods at Toto, 'Say You'll Stay' touches on '84 Yes and the title track is as much a gem of pop construction as 'Mama' (from Genesis).

'Victims Of Circumstance' proves that BJH have as much to offer the new generation of rock fans as do Yes or Genesis. It deserves to be acclaimed from Los Angeles to London. So, stand up and shout . . . it makes more sense than giving space to Pallas!

MALCOLM DOME

BULLET
'No Mercy'
(Heavy Metal Records HMI LP15)

YOU'VE BEEN listening to John Cleese propaganda talk for too long, aintcha? You thought the Germans didn't know how to have fun, didn't ya? Not even in music, what with the incredibly choreographed and tedious Scorpions merely feigning good time and enjoyment, eh?!

Well you'd better think again, cos Bullet's basic, ballsy 'n' bluesy Heavy Metal is the kind designed to make you get up 'n' groove and does not give up until the last power chord has been struck! The main question is whether 'No Mercy' actually puts you in the mood to rock 'n' roll at night. . . and paaarty every day!

I'd say not, and it ain't a criticism of the songs that leads inexorably to that conclusion. I'm afraid this band's approach has developed into a style that is more one-dimensional than the plot to 'Jaws 3-D' – *and* has less bite! Pound it out, thump it out. . . throw it out!? Nah, that'd be a teeny touch too hard, but Bullet's incessant AC/DC fixation clutters up 'No Mercy' like moss gathering round a drain and thus solid, uptempo, danceable Metal becomes enmeshed in sounds that are unoriginal and uninteresting.

Put the likes of 'One Way Ticket', 'Down By The Neonlights' or the Dieter Dierks' penned 'Baby We Can Talk' into the mascara-besmirched paws of Hanoi Rocks and you'd probably see some classic melody Metal. Give 'em to Bullet and you need one to bite on, especially with the wearing voice of Klaus Thiel to contend with.

The thumbs-down verdict is a shame because Bullet are a sound bunch of blokes with some good ideas and one great party song in 'I Sold My Soul To Rock 'N' Roll, but they'll have to have something of a rethink before we can pronounce them serious contenders!

HOWARD JOHNSON

JON BUTCHER AXIS:
'Stare At The Sun'
(Polydor 817493-IY-I import)

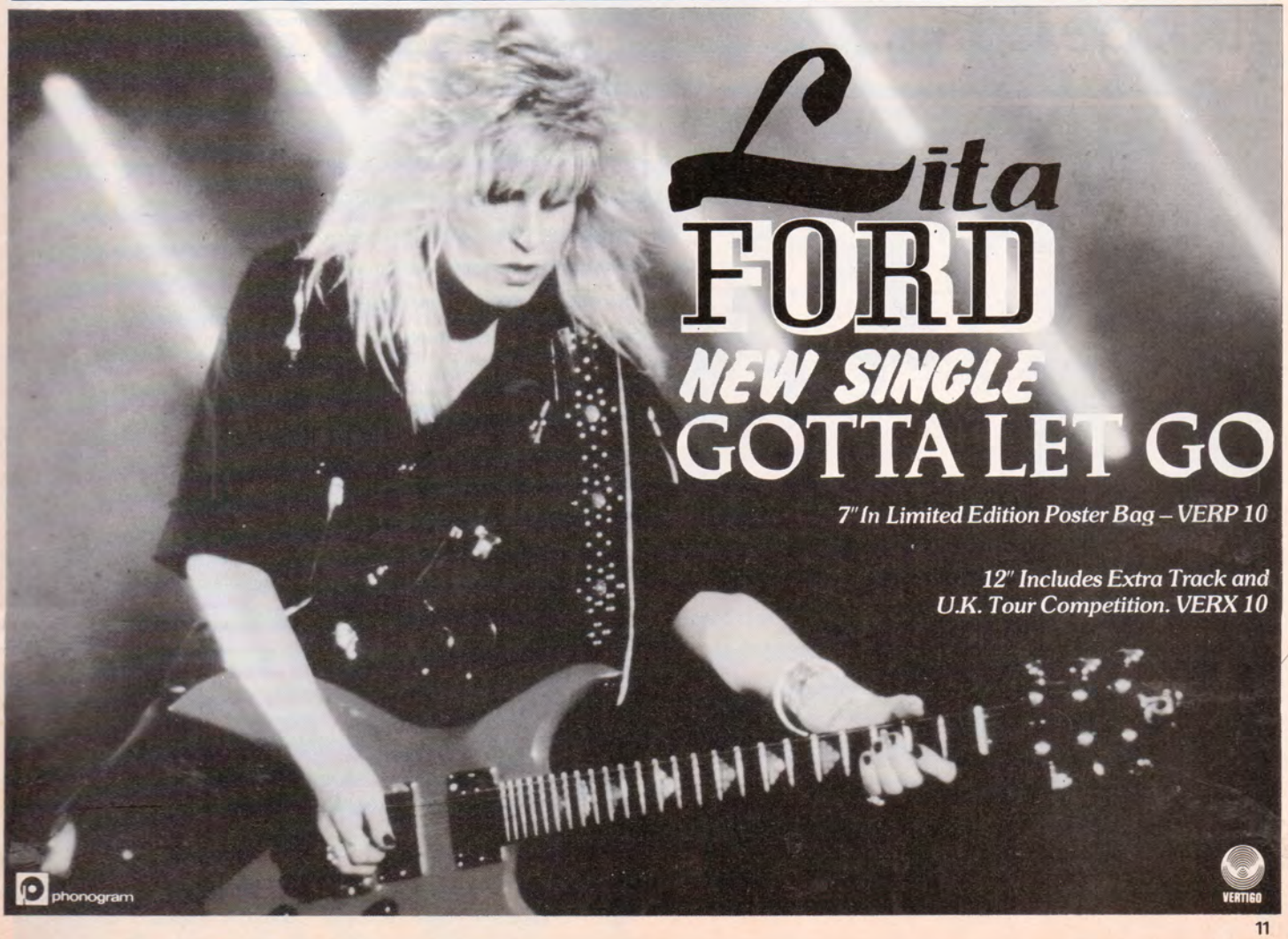
THE AXIS are back and blasting! Newcomers prepare to have your faith in rock music restored, for here is a matured and passionate talent at work. Mr. Butcher's lack of fame somehow makes his work all the more endearing. It has a strength and quality that is timeless. We are not drowned in the tears of well worn ideas, but refreshed in a drenching spray of invigorating inspiration.

There are discernible influences, of course. To produce something entirely new, you'd have to do something drastic to the physical laws of the universe. But JBA prove there are still magical qualities inherent in a three-piece band. Jon plays guitar and sings, Chris Martin is on bass and Derek Blevins is the rock steady drummer.

Thinking back to Cream, Rush and the Police, the Axis chemistry works in similar fashion. They have to do the most with what they've got, and so the melodies bubble, the chords jangle and the riffs surge with a moody assurance. Take 'Walk On The Moon'. The title has certain obvious connotations but here JBA create their own sound poem inspired by things lunar. The drums echo and roar with a metronomic beat behind Jon's vocals which have a starry intensity that is moving without being maudlin.

The same power permeates the Townshend influenced 'Don't Say Goodnight' where the guitar and drum sound is as beefy as a herd of bison. Other prime cuts are 'Wind It Up', 'Can't Tell The Dancer From The Dance' and the blazing 'Eros Arriving', where the drummer's bass-drum pedal threatens to rip through your speakers.

CHRIS WELCH



ShadeS

13/14 St. Annes Court (off Wardour Street), London W1V 3AX Tel: (01) 434 1363

NEW ARRIVALS – IMPORTS		£
Legs Diamond	Out On Bail (6-track Mini LP)	£5.99
Trouble	Assasin 12" (2-tracks)	£4.99
Trouble	Trouble (HEAVYYYY!!!) recommended	£7.99
Richie Ranno	Mini LP (feat. Starz & Hellcats)	£5.99
Steve Perry	Street Talk	£8.59
Brocus Helm	Into Battle	£7.99
HSAS	Through The Fire (Hagar/Schon)	£5.99
Pantera	Metal Magic	£7.99
Witchkiller	Day Of The Saxons	£6.99
Lady Killer	1st	£8.59
Franke and the Knockouts	Making the Point	£8.59
Missing Persons	Rhyme And Reason	£8.59
SPECIAL IMPORT CUT-OUTS		
Storm	1st (on MCA)	£4.99
Y & T	Struck Down	£4.99
Le Roux	Up	£4.99
Mothers Finest	Iron Age	£4.99
Axe	1st	£4.99
Axe	Living On The Edge	£4.99
NEW ARRIVALS – UK + EURO		
Venom	At War With Satan	£4.99
Baby Tuckoo	First Born	£4.99
Earthshaker	Fugitive	£4.99
Killer (Belg)	Shock Waves	£4.99
Killer (Swiss)	Stronger Than Ever	£5.99
Satan Jokers	Trop Fou Pour Toi	£6.99
Warlock	Burning the Witches	£4.99
SHADES MOST POPULAR IMPORTS – US/CANADIAN		
Lee Aaron	Project	£6.59
Lee Aaron	Metal Queen	£5.99
Arcangel	1st	£8.59
Avion	1st	£8.59
Alcatrazz	No Parole	£8.59
Cobra	First Strike	£6.59
Bon Jovi	1st	£5.99
Fist	In The Red	£6.99
Hyts	1st	£8.59
Jade	Teasing Eyes	£5.99
Jonah Koslen	Aces	£7.99
M-80	M-80 (feat.Don Costa)	£4.99
Orphan	1st	£8.59
Preview	1st	£8.99
Joe Perry	Once A Rocker	£8.59
Lisa Price	Priceless	£6.99
Rampage	1st	£8.59
Streets	1st (feat.Steve Walsh)	£5.99
Sandie Stewart	Cat Dancer	£8.59
Talas	Live Speed On Ice	£7.99
SHADES HEAVY FAVOURITES		
Anthrax	Fistful Of Metal	£4.99
Axewitch	Lord Of The Flies	£4.99
Bodine	Three Times Running	£4.99

And too many more to mention. Send SAE for list. METAL FORCES-I, II & III available in UK=£1.00 each, ABROAD=£1.50.

MAIL ORDER: UK (1st Class) 1 LP – £1.00 2 LP's £1.50; 3 LP's etc + 25p each extra EUROPE AND SCANDINAVIA-please double UK rates USA, CANADA, AUSTRALIA-please double European rates

All cheques, money orders etc. must be made out in £ sterling currency only – payable to 'SHADES'. All prices quoted are in £ sterling.

ALBUMS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

MASS
'Metal Fighter'
(Teldes 6.25645 AP import)
RATED X
'Rock Blooded'
(Noise 08.1663 import)

OH DEAR, Germany's just heard the NWOBHM; unfortunately, it's about 40 years too late for the results to be written off as war retaliation, so the conclusion has got to be that we're in an ongoing waste of vinyl situation. If only these had been demos I could have taped over them!

Rated X aren't the major offenders here, their offering paling into insignificance against the colossal naffness of Mass (not to be confused with the wimphem merchants of the same name), but it's still true that the promise of Side One's 'Rock Blooded' is emphatically crushed by generally torpid boogie nonsense.

Rated X are a three-piece, and at first seemed to successfully overcome the limitations of the format thanks to Mario V. Timme's busy guitar work and the sprightly energy of their unspectacular, yet effective, material. The band seem to be largely bereft of good ideas, though, and when they have one (eg 'Lying') they tend to fumble and blow it. Still, at least they possess the humour to demolish any accusations of HM pretentiousness with the drunken cowboy nonsense at the end of Side Two. Someone's been listening to Goddo's 'Who Cares', methinks!

Mass' 'Metal Fighter' is just nonsense all the way through, painfully leaden HM for pensioners with walking frames. The potentially dramatic opening – tolling church bells and assorted sinister noises – goes on for an eternity, after which the band plod through interminable hours of flatulent drivel with their hopelessly anonymous vocalist vying with the apparently sleeping drummer for the worst performance on the record. I reckon the drummer wins, but only by a short kip.

If DP Gumby (of Monty Python fame) were to form a Heavy Metal band they would doubtless sound very much like this. The one good thing about this record is that it's not an endless tape loop.

I wonder what Italian HM sounds like . . . PAUL SUTER

VENOM
'At War With Satan'
(Neat 1015)

BOYS FROM the Black Stuff (Metal, that is), Venom certainly have a lot to answer for. I mean, no-one objects to a little bit of devilry, the odd dabble in the dark, but at present we seem to be in the path of an idolatrous ill-wind, with almost every burgeoning outfit donning plastic horns and boil-infested beaks as a way of soliciting press/peer attention.

These would-be warlocks are everywhere, rising from personal pockets of mist with a crude, cavorting vengeance. Few can play their instruments, and hardly any, I suspect, would know a halfway decent song if it crept into their casket.

So who's to blame for all this? Well, I reckon the buck comes to rest somewhere around Cronos' thigh-high Doctor Marten's cos, as self-appointed 'Black Metal Gods', Venom have spawned a copycat litter determined to match them in both sentiment and sound. Which wouldn't be so bad were it not for the fact that these discipular dodos invariably miss the point, focusing dark-ringed eyes on speed/satanic ritual when what really sets Cronos, Mantas and Adabbon at the head of the herd is their ability to come up with . . . *songs* . . . of a sort.

Yeah, yeah, I know that sounds ridiculous, but it's actually true. Venom may be of the opinion that a number isn't ripe for unveiling until it's been taken apart piece by piece, dragged twice through the slough and then slapped back together with plenty of sweat and spittle, but it's on the worth of the *original* idea that the final product stands or slumps. Which is why 'At War With Satan', the band's third album, is something of a disappointment, its bottom line proving generally less secure than the asphalted aft of its predecessor, the fine 'Black Metal' LP, issued in '82.

With Side One of 'AWWS' given over entirely to the title track (an epic, conceptual outing, of which more anon), let's move straight onto Side Two and 'Cry Wolf', the only 'regular' number here that can live with the best 'BM' has to offer. More 'Run With The Wolf' than 'Bark At The Moon', it's a genuinely evocative piece of rock'n'roll drama, packed wall-to-wall with biting animal urgency and intent. Speaking of which . . .

'Rip Ride' and 'Stand Up (And Be Counted)' aren't bad either, hinting at life beneath the ruptured Cronos vocal, while 'AAAAAARRGHH', the throwaway closer, briefly documents the lighter side of Venom who (I'm led to believe) are only human after all. As for 'Genocide' and 'Women, Leather And Hell', well, both are Venom alright, noxious and noisy in roughly equal parts, though neither wield a classic blow, the latter in particular losing out due to a threadbare chassis and an excess of revs.

Indeed (and you've no idea how surprised I am to be saying this), the most consistently impressive aspect of this lavishly packaged LP is the conceptual first half which starts full of promise and falters only rarely. Founded sensibly on a recurring motif – originally included as a 'teaser' on the 'BM' album – the whole carcass hangs together remarkably well, moving forwards, sometimes nobly, on the back of an anarchic logic with variations in mood and pace keeping interest level high and sensory powers poised.

In fact, it wasn't until the halfway mark had been passed that I had my first quibble (cheese 'n' onion flavour, I think), though the production side of things really is in need of a serious re-think.

I mean, 'BM' was far from brilliantly recorded but at least it gave us the full, unexpurgated brunt of Cronos' hobnail bass attack, his plunges up and down the neck, the pumping black heart at the core of Venom's sound. Here, however, he's been shamefully mixed down . . . and that drum noise!

Rightly and understandably, Venom wish to protect their sound, it's theirs and theirs *alone,* a calling card of daunting drive, but the difference between being *individual* and being *amateurish* is one they might do well to ponder before placing themselves again in a studio setting. DANTE BONUTTO

VENOM: boys from the Black Stuff. (Pic Ross Halfin).

Badge Co.

59 PICCADILLY · MANCHESTER · M1 2AQ

Mail Order Suppliers of Pop & Rock Badges, sew on Patches Etc.

VAT NO. 306 328 185

	Button Badge 25p	Metal Badge 50p	Enamel Badge 60p	Patch 50p	Large Patch £1.50	Printed Scarf £1	Woollen Scarf £2	T-Shirt £3.50 (State size)
AC/DC	7	11	6	2	2	2	1	3
R. BLACKMORE	4	1	—	2	—	—	—	—
BLACK SABBATH	6	12	2	12	2	2	2	2
BLIZZARD OF OZZ	2	3	1	8	—	3	1	1
BLUE OYSTER CULT	1	4	1	3	—	1	—	—
DEEP PURPLE	2	5	3	8	—	1	—	1
DEF LEPPARD	1	3	—	4	—	1	1	1
GENESIS	2	5	1	5	—	1	1	1
GILLAN	1	5	—	7	—	2	2	2
HAWKWIND	1	7	2	8	—	1	1	1
HENDRIX	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	1
IRON MAIDEN	5	10	3	10	2	3	2	4
JUDAS PRIEST	3	8	1	9	2	1	2	2
KISS	4	10	6	11	2	2	—	1
LED ZEP	4	10	2	12	2	1	—	1
SKYNYRD	—	2	1	2	—	1	—	—
MOTORHEAD	9	12	5	14	3	2	1	3
M.S.G.	1	5	—	7	—	1	1	1
PINK FLOYD	2	5	2	5	—	2	1	1
RAINBOW	2	9	3	10	2	—	3	2
ROLLING STONES	4	4	2	3	—	1	—	1
RUSH	2	8	2	10	1	1	1	1
SAXON	3	8	2	9	1	2	1	1
SCORPIONS	3	6	1	7	1	1	1	1
STATUS QUO	5	7	4	10	2	2	1	2
THIN LIZZY	8	5	2	9	1	1	1	—
UFO	1	6	—	5	1	2	2	1
WHITESNAKE	4	8	4	9	2	2	2	1
YES	2	2	2	3	—	1	—	1
QUEEN	6	5	4	10	—	1	1	1

NUMBERS ABOVE ARE NUMBERS OF DIFFERENT DESIGNS AVAILABLE

Payment accepted by Postal Order, cheque (crossed and made payable to BADGE & CO.) or unused postage stamps (small denominations), but in your own interest do not send CASH by post. Overseas currency is acceptable, and will be converted into Sterling at the current rate, after deduction of bank charges or commission. *Please note:* Republic of Ireland Postal Orders are not accepted.

Postage: UK – enclose one 2nd class stamp, we will pay any extra. Outside UK – postage charged at cost price, please add sufficient to cover the charge.

All customers will receive FREE our comprehensive illustrated catalogue of hundreds of different badges, patches, scarves, programmes, T-Shirts, etc., or to obtain your catalogue just send stamps to value 20p (overseas; 2 International Reply Coupons in Europe, 4 I.R.C.'s elsewhere).

Money Back Guarantee: IF you are dissatisfied with any goods you receive, whether from this list or from our full catalogue, the full cost price will be refunded upon request.

TRADE ALSO SUPPLIED – APPLY FOR DETAILS

BABY TUCKOO: 'positively, powerfully addictive.'

CLOVEN HOOF
'Cloven Hoof'
(Neat Records NEAT 1013)
BABY TUCKOO
'First Born'
(Ultra Noise ULTRA 2)

BABY TUCKOO vs. Cloven Hoof; two debut albums from a pair of (relatively) new British rock acts slugging it out in the *Kerrang!* review arena. And, surprisingly, it's Tuckoo that emerge triumphant, leaving the Hoof dazed, confused and out for the count. . .

I say 'surprisingly' because I would have initially placed the Cloven Ones as firm, fist-flailin' favourites to win this particular bout.

I've followed their career since the earliest days and they've always struck me as an immensely affable yet highly ambitious bunch, with that 12 inch EP of a while back surely laying the frenetic foundations for greatness-to-come.

But, sadly, this album just doesn't deliver. And it ain't just because the band have abandoned those ridiculous costumes and made us privy to their real names. . . it's really the record's overall atmosphere of calculated cacophony and highly mannered menace that's its downfall.

With a dense-but-thin production sound doing 'em no favours, the Hoof clatter through a selection of dark, doomy, but ultimately rather dorkish trax, their cause not helped by a frankly pathetic vocal display from David Potter and a biscuit tin guitar sound.

'The Gates Of Gehenna' has lost a helluva lot in transition from EP to LP and the two straight-ahead rock 'n' roll numbers, 'Crack The Whip' and 'Laying Down The Law', are too Priesty for comfort.

It pains me to be so down on this album, because Cloven Hoof really do deserve to succeed. But it really is desperately disappointing. . . so much so that, bruised and battered, the Hoof leave themselves wide open for Baby Tuckoo to deliver the killer 'Gloves Of Metal' punch.

Taking their name from a phrase in James Joyce's 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man' (arty, huh?) the Tuckoo have produced a barnstormin' blockbuster of an album, similar in swirling sound and sensational spirit to Uriah Heep's last two classic LPs, 'Abominog' and 'Head First'.

With raucous 'n' raunchy production work from John Verity, immense vocals from Rob Armitage (he sounds like a Kop full of Coverdales!) and cunning keyboard fills from ex-Geddes Axe man Andy Barrott, Bradford-based Baby T. concoct a brutally commercial potion that's positively, powerfully addictive.

From the solar flare scorchin' 'Hot Wheels', through the massive, brooding ballad 'Broken Heart', to the riotous cover of Tommy James And The Shondells' 'Mony Mony' (a recent single), Baby Tuckoo's intelligent-yet-uncompromising rock will surely bring 'em a great deal of glory.

Seconds out. . . as far as Baby Tuckoo are concerned, I just can't wait for the start of round two!

GEOFF BARTON

CONTINUES PAGE 15

BON·JOVI

Their №1 Import Album Now Available

L.P. - VERL 14 Cassette - VERLC 14

phonogram

VERTIGO

CAUGHT IN THE ACT – THE VIDEO
87 minutes of full stereo sound

STYX

. . . their very best has been

'CAUGHT IN THE ACT'

'Live' double album and chrome cassette

Features:

Babe * Mr Roboto * Don't Let It End * The Best Of Times

A&M RECORDS

INCLUDES FREE SOUVENIR FULL COLOUR POSTER (LIMITED EDITION)

ALBUMS ALBUMS ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 13

SPIRIT
'The Thirteenth Dream'
(Mercury MERL 35)

COMPLETELY IMPARTIAL scribe that I am, Hojo was prepared to dismiss this album outta hand and give 'The Thirteenth Dream' a lesson in the faulty aerodynamics of records by winging this one *Kerrang!* bin-wards. And then, I listened . . . and I didn't, not only because said bin is currently overflowing with hideous Dutch compilation albums (joke!), but also cos these here guys really are a spirit-ed bunch of hippies!

I can remember staggering in a stupour at Reading a coupla years back under the influence of the stunning realisation that Randy California was putting on a great show. Yup, you read correctly, a GREAT show, and lo, he can even reproduce it on record! I do not like hippie music, never did, not even when school mates were raving about the odour of Gong's Wensleydale (was it?), but Spirit's current incarnation is really nothing more than a grand commercial rock band with a few weird noises thrown in for good measure.

Opener 'Black Satin Nights' lays cards on the table with some infectious synth fills and sterling California histrionics – and that's the way it goes for the duration of the album. God, you can even dance to 'Pick It Up', it's *that* relevant!

In fact, the only legacy left by the sprouts are a few strange titles such as 'Mr. Skin', 'Uncle Jack' and 'Fresh Garbage', but the Lou Reedish ballad 'All Over The World' and a magnificent guitar-dominated version of 'I Got A Line On You' (covered superbly on Blackfoot's 'Strikes' album!) ensure that these 'brand new recordings' are anything but redundant!

I'd probably hate the first twelve, but 'The Thirteenth Dream' is nothing if not a hugely palatable slice of rock 'n' roll from some old guys who still have stars in their eyes!! HOWARD JOHNSON

HSAS
'Through The Fire'
(Geffen GHS 4023)

THIS ONE piece of vinyl is the plastic sandwich that I was anticipating most eagerly during the early part of '84.

But. . . 'Through The Fire' has finally emerged as a somewhat different species to the animal we were expecting to spring upon us and, to be quite honest, I'm not really sure what to make of it!

First of all, this is *not* the 'slap it down as it happens, bung it out and if it don't sell then f**k it!' trip that the Hagar/Schon part of the HSAS team had promised. I thought 'TTF' was going to be art for art's sake, *not* money for God's sake, but either Geffen, the guys or both parties couldn't in the end resist the lure of the dollar, so where it says on the sleeve: 'Additional overdubs at Fantasy Studios', you'd better believe it!

Every track sounds repainted and rebuilt to the nth degree, harmony guitars, echo vocals and keyboards popping up everywhere, but *everywhere*, if I'm not mistaken, and while this certainly improves the overall texture of the tunes, wherein lies the project's integrity? This was supposed to be raw, loud, no frills rock 'n' roll, yet it's finally escaped the vaults as nothing more than an excellent Sammy Hagar album with more adroit axe-work!

Maybe this disappointment with 'Through The Fire' lies more in the fact that it's not anything like I'd anticipated, for close analysis reveals that there *are* some mighty hard rock numbers on offer in this instant sale. Opener 'Top Of The Rock', for example, a typical, brash Hagar breast-beater based around a loose 'n' heavy Schon riff and containing the immortal couplet: *'Everybody wants a little piece/ Always try to shoot ya down/Well, I just tell 'em to sit on this/And spin around'*.This song would have benefitted from that ragged live feel but, as with seven of the album's nine cuts, the audience's reaction has been edited out!

Overall, the LP is swings 'n' roundabouts, from the brilliant commercial hard rock of 'Missing You' through to the intricate tedium and lengthy linking of 'Animation', 'Valley Of The Kings', 'Giza'. I could have thought of better ways of filling up ten minutes of vinyl, I can tell you! And yet then you're up again with a klassik kover of 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' and the Aerosmithy mess of closer 'My Home Town'.

Look, there are so many great moments on this record that it would be unjust to be totally negative, so all I can say is that 'Through The Fire' doesn't ignite my personal flame – but then maybe you're less demanding than I am. Maybe you'll love it!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

HSAS: broken promises. (Pic Ross Halfin).

the church

seance

NEW ALBUM · CASSETTE

ALBUMS ALSO AVAILABLE
'THE CHURCH'
'THE BLURRED CRUSADE'

CARRERE

ALBUMS

From previous page

BODINE
'Three Times Running'
(WEA International 24-0256-1)

OH WELL, for every Vandenberg there must be a Bodine, I suppose. For every band trying to make it with songs there's another relying on muscle alone. . .

And Bodine *do* have muscle, plenty of it. Not a keyboard in sight, it's heads down HM all the way, paced from mid-tempo to a frenzy with nary a pause for breath — impressive in small doses, but Bodine don't really have anything impressive or lasting to offer.

Their one great asset is vocalist Axel Joseph Langemeijir who's a shade reminiscent of Halford but with a richer, more cultured approach than ol' screaming vengeance himself. Langemeijir gives the band character, something they otherwise totally lack. Banging away hell for leather is fine, but there really needs to be something in it to make the effort worthwhile.

'Shout' and 'Black Star Rising' seem to be the only tracks containing any degree of thought. The former's proud and emphatic, with a colourful riff and an overdose of energy earning it high marks, and the gutsy guitar drive of the latter is certainly impressive. But, elsewhere, most of the effort seems to have gone into letting both guitarists show off at once, and as often as not the result's a mess. Rheno Xeros and Anthony Lucassen can certainly play, but *two* instrumentals – 'Free Kick' and the interminable (six and a half minutes!) 'Below The Belt' – are a bit much.

A pity really, because the singer and the single ('Shout') sound pretty neat. Don't be drawn in. . .

PAUL SUTER

LEE AARON: roll on the video!

LEE AARON
'Metal Queen'
(Attic LAT 1188)

IF IT was Lee Aaron's hold on my nether regions (metaphorically, unfortunately!) that first attracted me to the Canadian queen, it was the strength of her 'Lee Aaron Project' debut that switched interest to an altogether more cerebral area. Here was a creature of divine physical perfection who actually possessed more than a modicum of that stuff we call talent – and believe me, no-one was more surprised than your resident filth hound (when I grow up I want to be Paul Suter, mummy!)

So I followed her progress and yup, I liked her, even when she had harsh words with me at last year's Reading Festival because I'd insulted the size of her breasts! Cue Joe Elliott with: 'Give me action not words', but sadly it was not to be and, while my loins continue to gird, at least that cerebral area remains well catered for with the release of 'Metal Queen', Lee's first album for Attic, her first with a regular band and surely the one to set her on the road to fame, fortune and 'Oui' photo sessions (oh sorry, I forgot, she's already done one!)

As it 'appens, 'Metal Queen' is a vast improvement on her debut, a totally convincing hunk of hard rock for the sceptics to get very confused about and for us, the fans, to get up and ROCK OUT to! What I love about our Lee is that her hauntingly seductive vocals remain so brilliantly dual-edged, caressing those 'nether regions' during the potent 'Head Above Water' before gleefully ripping 'em out during the epic stomper of a title track without so much as a 'by your leave'!

It's this kind of control that gives the girl so much goddamn credibility, which by rights she should have lost! This, plus the fact that she now possesses two fine, straightahead hard rock axemen in John Albani and George Bernhardt. These guys know how to put a bloody good tune across, which they have ample occasion to do during the likes of 'Lady Of The Darkest Night', mid-paced raunch 'n' roll of the finest order and my fave number contained herein, and 'Got To Be The One', a song of immense light and shade.

Really, each number has a host of good points, particular mention going to 'Steal Away Your Love', featuring a top-class arrangement, and 'Shake It Up', with it's fun-time staccato party feel. But if I were to be a pedantic bastard I'd single out 'Breakdown' as the one song to fall short. Hey, I must be pedantic cos 'Metal Queen' is a very, very fine record at the end of the day! Roll on the video!

And Lee, I've changed my mind, your breasts are just fine! Does that mean I stand a chance now?

(*No!-Paul Suter*)

HOWARD JOHNSON

CRAFT
'First'
(Shanghai Records HAI 106)

WITH THIS, their debut album, Craft have produced a bland and unprovocative set of instrumentals based, for want of something better, on six signs of the zodiac. Had they paid more attention to the stars they may have forseen the dubious outcome of their actions.

Craft are actually three ex-members of The Enid – bass guitarist and keyboard player Martin Russell and two brothers, William and Grant Gilmore. William, an ex-music teacher and student of the Royal Academy of Music, handles the main keyboard parts, while 20 year old Grant, also an 'old boy' of the Royal Academy, is clearly the centrepiece with his virtuouso drumming. He was only 16 when he joined The Enid and seems destined to join Paul Gadd and Simon Phillips in the musos hall of fame.

Russell gained his BA Honours degree in music at Colchester Institute. Judging by his contributions to this album it must have been for theory because all the tracks are pointless, self-conscious exercises. Craft construct complex but ultimately soulless patterns; a mixture of ELP, Brand X and Sky! But, unlike those groups, they put arrangements before melody.

PAUL ROLAND

BEEN WONDERING about the reason behind those little ol' sections labelled 'Shout It Out Loud!' that we've published in recent issues?

Well, wonder no longer – because YOUR replies to those wacky questionnaires will form the backbone of the upcoming issue of EXTRA KERRANG!

That's right – because you can't get enough of the regular Kerrang! we've decided to put together an awesome 56 page EXTRA edition!

It'll contain a FREE flexi-disc as well as cataclysmic colour pix of VAN HALEN (exclusive shots from their latest US show!), KISS, LED ZEPPELIN, MARILLION, JUDAS PRIEST . . . and, of course, some of the best answers to the 'Shout It Out Loud!' poll. It's out on May 10.

AGAINST THE GRAIN

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST have had every insult under the sun hurled at them during their lengthy career. MALCOLM DOME speaks out in their defence.

QUESTION: why are Genesis considered acceptable to the pop populace, whilst Barclay James Harvest are, to say the least, despised? Even a cursory earful of BJH's most recent albums, 'Ring Of Changes' and the newie 'Victims Of Circumstance', shows them to have as equal a grasp of contemporary musical values and arrangements as do Collins' celebrities.

Question: why are Status Quo readily featured throughout the trendier music press, whilst BJH are merely brushed aside? The Harvesters don't celebrate their 20th anniversary until 1986, whereas Quo. . .

I could rabbit on. But the point has been sharpened and should by now be puncturing your instinct for fair play. Come on, you try and explain to me why BJH are BOFs, whilst others with the same musical outlook/longevity have teenage credibility?

The answer is: PERCEPTION. The likes of Quo, Yes and Genesis have been fortunate enough to surround themselves with enlightened music biz personages (in publicity, marketing, promotions, etc) who've been prepared to give them exactly the right profile for chart-pickin' credibility. In the meantime, BJH have garnered the backing of a record company who, for reasons best known to themselves, believe that *Radio Two*/tupperware penguin-suited honchos offer more coffer-filling potential than the *Smash Hits* generation.

"Hmm, that's an interesting point. To be frank, I've not thought of things in that light before. My contacts with our record company (Polydor) are not sufficiently regular for me to comment intelligently on the idea. In fact, you might well have more of an insight than I do. It's certainly a possibility."

JOHN LEES (guitar/vocals) is a refreshing person. Whilst many supposed stars use interviews as mere superficial exercises in ego-inflation (if the government imposed a tax on self-important rockers, they'd wipe out the economic depression with one stroke), this quietly-spoken northerner at least tries to maintain a dignified level of honesty. Not for him the glib controversial phrase, vacuous outrage or evasive tactics (glance back through the pages of *Kerrang!* for many examples of such features); Lees prefers to treat the readers of this magazine as mature people deserving of the truth, even if on occasions this leads to admissions of fallibility.

"As a band, Barclay James Harvest is very serious about what we do. We like to do everything in a professional manner because to us that's the only way to work. I dunno, maybe we slightly overdo our approach and this puts people off BJH. But I object strongly when we're dubbed 'bores'.

"*Sounds* once reviewed a Barclays' LP and slagged us off as the sort of 'idiots' who still wear Afghan coats, home-knitted jumpers and sing about 'Child Of The Universe'. Well, I'd just like to say that I've *never* owned or worn an Afghan coat, *don't* have a home-knitted jumper, and as for 'Child Of The Universe' . . . anyone who takes the trouble to read the lyrics to that song would soon realise that it isn't a hippy-dippy love tune, but a serious attack on a world where violence is such a common-place occurence, especially in Northern Ireland.

"To my mind, it's as relevant in 1984 as it was when first released (in '74, as part of the 'Everyone Is Everyone Else' set – their Polydor debut). Critics who can't see the point of such songs obviously aren't in touch with reality.

"In fact, I'm so convinced that 'Child . . .' makes a valid statement that we've now put it back into the live set. This is one of just three older songs in our present repertoire. We've mainly built it around newer stuff from 'Ring Of Changes' and 'Victims Of Circumstance'."

WE'LL RETURN in a few paragraphs to the live situation (the band are currently in the throes of a five-date sell-out UK tour – this interview took place during a break in rehearsals at Shepperton), but a few brief words should be spouted first on the subject of 'Victims Of Circumstance', the band's latest (and 13th) studio effort.

Utilising the services of old friend Pip Williams, the band have once more successfully married depth to melody and spawned a vinyl child of the modern era (a full review appears in this issue).

"Pip has given us a really up-to-date approach. But if you look back at the history of the Barclays, you'll find we've always been prepared to take on board fresh ideas. For example, we've now made a commitment to digital recording (this latest LP was done at Wisseloord Studios in Holland). So we're a band open to experimentation.

"To be honest, I'm happy with the way 'VOC' turned out. And it would be nice if we could get a hit single from it. The title track is picking up airplay at the moment, but mainly on *Radio Two*, which I guess goes back to the point you were making earlier about perception. We've done a video for it with producer/director Keith MacMillan (shot in Fulham) and I hope that gets some exposure on TV – if only cos I want my mum to see it.

"Generally, Barclay James has never worried about getting hit singles. If they come, we'll readily accept them, but we're no longer desperately searching for one. There was a period in our career when we really tried to write a formula hit, but that simply put extra pressure on us and it didn't work anyway. Besides, even if a miracle did happen and we had a Top Ten song, do you think that would alter people's attitude to us? We've been called old-hat since we started! But there's one good thing about never being trendy – you can't become untrendy.

"Les (Holroyd – bass/vocals) and I tend to have an equal amount of numbers we've penned separately on any given LP. Last time around I had five to his four, so on 'VOC' we've swapped over as it were. In fact, I'm amazed at just how many songs the two of us have written over the years – it must be in excess of 100!

"I LIKE to write songs with a little depth to them, yet can still be appreciated on the most superficial of levels. 'Sideshow' from 'Victims. . . ' is a perfect example. The lyrics, if you study them, talk about how the media concentrates so much on the bad events that occur in the world. You rarely get anything positive being screened. Turning on the TV news sometimes reduces me to tears seeing the way man treats his fellow man. Yet I hope no-one sees me as a preacher. I wouldn't be shattered if a fan got off on the musical content of the song and never actually looked at or listened to the words."

'Sideshow' is part of the revamped BJH live show, as is much of the material from 'VOC'. . .

"It's always hard choosing a balanced set. But you can't keep on playing all the old material – everyone has to move on. I reckon on any tour we've done in recent years, at one point or

CONTINUES OVER

BARCLAY JAMES: (left to right) John Lees, Jan Ince, Les Holroyd, Bias Boshell, Kevin McAlea, Sam Brown, Mel Pritchard . . . and not an Afghan coat in sight!

Pic Ray Palmer

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

another someone has shouted out for every title we've ever done. You see, each fan has their own particular favourite. I hope there's something in our current set to please the majority of BJH fans."

Onstage, the band (whose core is completed by drummer Mel Pritchard) are currently augmented by two keyboard players, Bias Boshell and Kevin McAlea, plus girl backing vocalists Sam Brown (daughter of Joe) and Jan Ince. In fact, rather like Genesis, BJH have remained a steadfast trio since keyboards player Woolly Wolstenholme (like Lees, Pritchard and Holroyd a founder-member) departed in '79, hiring extra musos as and when circumstances make it necessary.

"I think it's a great advantage to be able to play with such diverse musicians. We've never thought of replacing Woolly because, like Genesis I suppose, having the flexibility to bring in any one of a huge number of guest keyboard players gives us so many more possibilities.

"Our stage set now incorporates lasers and other effects. It's a big production. Unfortunately, the size of venues we're doing in Britain means the whole thing will have to be scaled down. I know we did say in our last *Kerrang!* interview (issue 45) that this tour would take in the 8-10,000 seaters, but logistics were against it. If these dates go well, though, we're seriously going to consider doing shows at Wembley Arena and Birmingham NEC in the very near future. No promises, but it's a genuine possibility."

AWAY FROM BJH, Lees is currently involved in the setting up of a publishing/recording company, the aim of which is to root out young British talent.

"I've got a 24-track studio in Manchester and the company is just putting promising bands in there to see what they come up with. It's far cheaper than sending them to London, and if nothing comes of it then all we will have lost is time. One of the most exciting acts to have recorded there so far are Steel, from Birmingham. They supported Magnum on their recent tour and have a lot going for them.

"At the moment, I'm quite exhilarated by the amount of good music being produced in this country. The charts, for instance, are full of great pop. And when I go to gigs, which isn't as often as I'd like, I'm stunned by just how incredible some of the up-and-coming HM guitarists are. Their technique is astonishing and, once they develop a little more individuality, a whole new generation of guitar heroes is bound to emerge."

Kerrang!

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS is presently holding a season dedicated to the works of legendary puppet master **Gerry Anderson.** Titled **'Supermarionation'**, it runs until April 29, with episodes being screened from some of his most celebrated series:

April 19/20 – **'Thunderbird 6'** (feature film)
21/22 – **'UFO'** (episode titled **'Conflict'), 'Space 1999' ('Breakaway').**
24/25/27 – **'Doppelganger'** (feature film)
28/29 – **'Fireball XL5' ('Space Time Giants'), 'Stingray' ('The Big Gun'), 'Terrahawks'.**

The ICA is situated at: **12, Carlton House Terrace, London SW1.** Entrance is £2.75 (adults)/£1.40 (children under the age of 14). All programmes start at 3.00pm, with the exception of that on 27, which begins at 2.30pm.

BUDDING GUITAR HEROES might well be interested in a new book published by Omnibus. Titled **'Original Ritchie Blackmore'**, it presents an annotated guide to Blackmore's famed technique through eight songs such as **'Man On The Silver Mountain', 'Catch The Rainbow', 'Difficult To Cure'** and **'Midtown Tunnel Vision'.**

Written by **Mick Barker**, it costs £3.95.

PICTURE MUSIC INTERNATIONAL is presently putting together a 90 minute **Genesis** video. Titled **'That's All'**, the film will be based around the band's recent series of shows at Birmingham NEC plus offstage footage.

'That's All' is being directed by **Jim Yukich.** As yet there's no release date for the project.

DIAMOND HEAD are to issue a live video in the near future. Titled **'Live At Leicester University'**, it lasts for 60 minutes and retails for £13.99. The full track listing is: **'Intro', 'Play It Loud', 'Need Your Love', 'To Heaven From Hell', 'Sucking My Love', 'One More Night', 'Don't You Ever Leave Me', 'Heat Of The Night', 'Am I Evil'.**

This video will be available through the band's fan club and on mail order through the music press.

BOOKS

'CULT MOVIES 2' by Danny Peary (Vermillion)

HEY KID, you wanna see some dirty pictures? A little something for the week-end? Then one swift look at Danny Peary's 'Cult Movies 2' should quickly help you decide between the grisly delights of, say, 'Blood Feast'/'Basket Case'/'Massacre At Central High', the emotional psycho-drama of 'Last Tango In Paris'/'The Man Who Fell To Earth'/'Taxi Driver'.

It's actually impossible to list all 50 titles included herein. Suffice it to say, that following on from Peary's superb 'Cult Movies 1', the latest edition covers a lot of ground with a depth of knowledge that will enlighted and inform the reader.

Peary awakens the closet film cultist in us all with snappy synopses, a collection of rare photo-stills from all films covered, and a writing style that will keep you pinned to the toilet seat . . . the highest compliment I can pay a fellow writer! MICK WALL

'THE HAMLYN BOOK OF HORROR AND SF MOVIE LISTS' by Roy Pickard (Hamlyn)

YOU ARE no doubt aware that 'ET' is the top box office earner in movie history, but did you know that his voice was produced by an 80-year-old woman? Or that actress Mercedes McCambridge swallowed 18 raw eggs and a pulpy apple for the self-induced vomiting noises used in 'The Exorcist'?

No? Well these and other facts are included in this fascinating little paperback compiled by film critic Roy Pickard. Intended both to inform and to entertain, it consists of 'the invaluable, the humorous, and the completely useless'.

In the first category we have, for example, a complete listing of all 78 *'Star Trek'* episodes, every Hammer and Universal Horror title (with capsule plots and credits), and a complete filmography for each star of the genre – Cushing, Karloff, Lee, Lugosi.

As for humour, grave examples crop up in a section on 'publicity slogans' e.g. 'Drink A Pint Of Blood A Day' (for 'Taste The Blood Of Dracula'). There are also some memorable scripted cracks such as: "Answer me, you have a civil tongue in your head. I know, I sewed it in there!" (Whit Bissell in 'I Was A Teenage Frankenstein').

Whether information can be classified useless or not depends very much on the reader but how about this item in the 'Songs'(!) category. Burt Bacharach wrote the 'Beware Of The Blob Cha-Cha' for Steve McQueen's sci-fi debut 'The Blob'! Who says *Kerrang!* isn't educational? PAUL ROLAND

FILMS

'BLOODBATH AT THE HOUSE OF DEATH' (18)

LET'S BE brutally honest. 'Bloodbath At The House Of Death' (no, I'm not the proprietor) is abysmal.

Scriptwriters Ray Cameron and Barry Cryer have totally failed to grasp the fact that the dividing line between horror and humour is exceptionally fine, even if you possess 20/20 vision. Truly memorable parodies of the hair-raising genre are based around carefully constructed plots, which then rely on quality acting and directorial skills to blur the aforementioned border.

Witness 'An American Werewolf In London', a biting send-up of Lycanthropic sacred cows, yet by the same token a marvellous frightener in its own right.

'Bloodbath . . .', though, concentrates all its efforts on taking the mickey out of as many classic 'scare' creations as possible – without any rhyme or reason!

As a vehicle for Kenny Everett's undoubted talents, 'Bloodbath . . .' is a disappointment. As a spoof blood-chiller it's a disaster. Quite why such powerful performers as Pamela Stephenson, Gareth Hunt, Sheila Steafel, Graham Stark and Vincent Price (*especially* Price) agreed to be associated with such utter tripe is a mystery.

MALCOLM DOME

'UNCOMMON VALOUR' (18)

WAR FILMS with the John Wayne appeal to simple patriotism, were long ago unseated by waves of disillusionment, cynicism and distaste for militarism, particularly in the wake of the Vietnam debacle. The campaign was a failure and in the words of the tough Major played here by Gene Hackman, nobody in America wanted to know about losers. 'Uncommon Valour' though, cleverly skirts around this problem.

The battling Major is convinced that his soldier son, missing for ten years, is still alive and held captive in a 'Nam prison camp. So, he assembles a crack team of veterans, training and equipping them for one last mission. Their intention is to return to enemy territory in a flight of stolen helicopters and rescue all the prisoners in a daring raid.

The story combines elements of 'The A Team', 'The Magnificent Seven', 'Apocalypse Now' and 'Missing'. And it has to be said, that as an old-fashioned militarist adventure movie, it's brilliantly done and tremendously exciting.

There is real suspense and drama as Hackman recruits his reluctant heroes, forces them to relive their Vietnam memories, and eventually dodges CIA intervention to return to the jungle. There the action reaches fever pitch as desperate measures are taken to thwart Sod's Law, ie. anything that can go wrong invariably will.

Much is made of the men's sense of comradeship, and the soundtrack includes Cream's 'Sunshine Of Your Love', apparently the favourite theme of gunship pilots during the 'Nam war. CHRIS WELCH

VINCENT PRICE: C'mon baby, light my fire!

BARRY HAY (Golden Earring)

CLIMBING THE album charts in the States with 'N.E.W.S', Dutch quartet Golden Earring are presently touring with 38 Special across the Atlantic.

A British release for the aforementioned LP has now been set. It will appear on the Carrere label on May 25. As yet, no UK dates have been confirmed, although there's a strong possibility that *les* Earrings will be making a visit to these shores in the near future. Watch out for a full interview very soon.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Paul Natkin

Pic Peter Cronin/Redfern

WE BELONG TO THE NIGHT

MICK WALL ventures into the NIGHTWING kingdom of GORDON ROWLEY (left).

GORDON ROWLEY has just stepped off the 'plane from Los Angeles wreathed in smiles. He's looking cool and casual in a sky-blue track-suit and trainers with more than a trace of a golden crisp Californian suntan. His hair is hung in a frizzy Elizabeth Taylor *circa* 'National Velvet' pony-tail; on his head is plonked a natty, 'heat-reflecting' baseball cap. Funny how a couple of weeks in LA can put the spring back in your step!

Rowley's been out there putting together a video for the current Nightwing single, 'Night Of Mystery' (See review in this issue) and one other track from their latest album 'My Kingdom Come' (on the Gull label), *viz* the anthemic rock 'n' rolling 'Cell 151', written by Steve Hackett.

Gordon Rowley is the tiger in the Nightwing tank. He is the Nightwing guru, rock theorist, artistic garage mechanic – and bass guitarist.

He's the kind of man you could write a book about, his personal exploits are so colourful and varied, his life experiences are so complex and startling. Malcolm Dome – the original doctor of doom – wrote a lengthy and detailed profile of the man in *Kerrang!* issue 39, so we shan't get heavily into Rowley's continuing work with various drug and drink rehabilitation agencies; the time he was electrocuted on stage; the citation he was awarded last year by the LAPD for saving a car crash victim's life in Hollywood; the close, lasting relationship he has with musicians like David Crosby, Stephen Stills *et al.* But we *should* talk a little about the pin he wears to hold his left leg in one piece.

"It's been dodgy for years now," he grins, reclining in a leather couch at the offices of Gull Records in London. "One time we were playing a gig and the bloody thing suddenly came jutting out through the skin. There was blood everywhere, horrible. Now the thing is, my leg's really starting to go which causes me all sorts of problems. It's virtually crumbling beneath me. I've got to go into hospital this Summer for a few weeks while the surgeons try and put some life back into it. It's quite a complicated operation and I'm going to be laid up for ages waiting for the leg to heal."

Suddenly the smile goes from Rowley's face at the thought of prolonged inactivity. One of life's shooting stars, enforced leisure is most definitely *not* Rowley's idea of f-u-n.

KENNY NEWTON and Rowley: beauty and the beast?

"I'll have absolutely nothing to do but *think*," adds the bassist as his grin flashes back into life. "What with Max (Bacon – lead vocalist on the past two 'Wing LPs) leaving the band unexpectedly (to join Bronz), and one thing and another, I feel this could be a good time for a bit of a *re-think* about what exactly we want Nightwing to be doing when the time comes to record the next album."

Forever one jump ahead, Rowley is already gazing into his crystal ball for any hints of long-term future for the band. Still, that's his prerogative. My job is to turn the microscope on to what's going on right now.

'My Kingdom Come' is the fourth album from Nightwing. Following on from the artistic and critical success of 'Stand Up And Be Counted' (a commercial disappointment), the latest album has powerfully and gracefully moved on into even more expressive and explosive territory than previously. The emphasis is on *songs;* strong melodies and vocal harmonies, and the quality of the writing is better than anything else in the Nightwing canon. It's by far the best Nightwing LP to date. Rock and roll the way I like it, like it . . . driving snub-nosed rhythms lit with neon flashes of colour that sparkle throughout Rowley's production (as a side issue it's worth noting that Hackett co-produced 'Night Of Mystery' with the affable bassist).

'Back On The Streets', 'Living Behind The 8 Ball', 'Singers In The Fire', 'The Devil Walks Behind You' all betray exciting, atmospheric slants that dig inroads into your consciousness and congeal into a heart-stopping strong-arm punch aimed at the groin and the feet.

IT MUST have been a real ache in the balls when Bacon announced his decision to quit the line-up, halfway through the recording of the album, to be precise.

"I can't say I was exactly ecstatic," admits Rowley. "But if Max or anyone else wants out then who am I to stop them? It's just that with Nightwing, me and the other lads (Alec Johnson on guitar, Steve Bartley, drums, and Kenny Newton – keyboards) see the whole project as *more* than just being in a band. It's a way of life. Without wanting to sound like a pretentious prick, we are fighting a cause of sorts.

"Right now we can't get any gigs in this country that are worth our while considering, but it's not the end of the world. In Europe we do good business. We're off touring there very soon.

"But material success is not what this group of musicians is all about. Just to enjoy the privilege of writing, playing and recording the finest music we are capable of producing is what we love most. I don't wanna be Duran Duran. I've been around this business from the very top to the very bottom for a lot of years now and I'm here to tell you straight that having a chart-topping record is not all it's cracked up to be, believe me. I'm not interested. I just want the freedom to live my life the way I choose and play my music – you can keep all the rest."

So, did Max Bacon want 'all the rest' – money and fame and . . . and . . .

"Sure. He's an ambitious man. So am I, only my ambitions follow another path. I have a life ambition that makes a two-year stint at the top of the charts look small by comparison."

Nightwing are top of the underground tree in British rock music, amply supported by that very rare phenomenon, a sensitive and honest record company in Gull. Rowley and Nightwing don't get their arms twisted behind their backs if Simon Bates of *Radio One* doesn't play their material, and they don't go flesh-trading to the 'majors' on their knees.

These people are completely independent. But at what cost?

"No cost to me or the band. We couldn't be with better people. They understand and admire what we're trying to do. Young bands should forget all about signing their money and their lives away to the first cigar and cheque book that walks through the dressing room door. For what? We deal a lot with other independent operations. DJs, distributors, studios . . . we're not saying simply 'small is best', more sort of 'big ain't just the best'. I'm sure we'll still play in the UK again, but after four albums it's time we extended our vision a little wider than this country."

WHICH BRINGS us back to all that *thinking* Rowley's going to be doing while he's lying prone and conscious in a hospital bed. You quickly get the idea that he's got a lot more on his mind than merely replacing Max Bacon.

"It's far too early to be talking specifically about any big changes that will be made," the grin gets wider. "But, in order to stay alive and fresh this band has to move on musically. We've got all the time in the world to explore whatever avenues we want to travel down. Whether that means adding to the band or altering the instrumentation to any great degree is something I'm gonna have to *think* a lot about. Whatever it finally means I'll tell you this: Nightwing will always play rock 'n' roll music for the pure love of it."

Glorious rock and roll! *Yeah!!* Bands like Nightwing deserve your immediate attention. Whether you share any of their ideals is beside the point – you can still enjoy their riotous brand of music. But, in an industry that demands high turn-over acts with painted plastic faces who churn out electro-pop hits, coming across a bunch of people who have *absolutely no interest* in sell-out commercialism, well, it's worth thinking about . . .

The Debut Album from

Cloven Hoof

Neat 1013

on Neat

Distribution by Pinnacle (0689) 73146

TO BE OR NOT TO BE ...

SARACEN

Neat 30

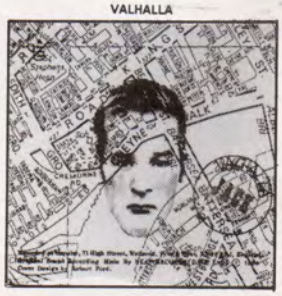
CRUCIFIXION

Neat 37 (12")

TNT

Neat 39

VALHALLA



Neat 36

DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE (0689) 73146

Neat Records 71 High Street East Wallsend Tyne & Wear NE28 7RJ

Pic Ross Halfin

JOURNEY
STEVE PERRY

JOURNEY VOCALIST Steve Perry has just released his first solo album in the USA on Columbia. Titled 'Street Talk', it was produced by Perry at Record One Studios in Los Angeles and has the following track listing:

Side One: 'Oh Sherrie', 'I Believe', 'Go Away', 'Foolish Heart', 'It's Only Love'.

Side Two: 'She's Mine', 'You Should Be Happy', 'Morning After', 'Captured By The Moment', 'Strung Out '.

All songs are original compositions.

Perry has used only top session musicians on this project, such as Waddy Wachtel (guitar), Larry London (drums – whose track record includes appearances with Elvis Presley), Phil Cuomo (bass) and Randy Goodrum (keyboards).

A single from this LP, 'Oh Sherrie' (with the otherwise unavailable 'Don't Tell Me Why You're Leaving' on the flip), has already made a major impact on the charts. At the time of writing, it has just entered the Top 40 and seems likely to be the first Journey-associated single to be certified as gold (ie. sales in excess of one million units) in America.

To date, there are no plans for a UK or European release of the album/single. And Perry doesn't intend to play any shows on *either* side of the Atlantic.

Still on the Journey front, HSAS (featuring guitarist Neal Schon) release the first single from their 'Through The Fire' album on April 25. It's a cover version of 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' and comes out on Geffen. And drummer Steve Smith issues his second solo LP, 'Orion', on the Columbia label in mid-May. Once again it features predominantly jazz/rock-orientated music.

The various members of Journey plan to re-group towards the end of May and begin writing material for their next album. However, no decision has been made to date on which producer they'll be hiring for it. MALCOLM DOME

UNLEASHED

HOWARD JOHNSON nips over to Japan where he discovers a thrivin contenders LOUDNESS (Pictured, l to r: Munetaka Higuchi – drums,

'GUT-WRENCHING METAL . . . gut-wrenching Metal . . . gut-wrenching Metal!'

The words went spinning around my cerebellum with the fire and furore of a Kiss circa '77-style catherine wheel – and if you were to presume that at this point in time Loudness were pounding my shell-likes with grade-A head shrinkers you'd have to be excused for making an incorrect assumption!

In fact, here was I, legs squeezed into position, feeling dodgier than an OD'd druggie, contemplating the literal implications of the above piece of verbal hyperbole! Trip of trips this might have been, the chance to visit the mystic East and check out some exquisite chop stick 'Lock 'n' Loll' (they say it, they really do!), but boy, was I paying for it, crammed like so much excess baggage into an Aeroflop *Ilyushin* II 62 hovering precariously over the out-backs of Russia *en route* for Tokyo! Flying for me is rather like Jess Cox singing – like, er, I can't handle it maaan!! – and in this crate, dropping out of the sky at any moment with metal through the gut seemed a distinct possibility!

Thank the Lord, I rode my luck and touched down at Tokyo's Narita (of Riot fame) airport, for in what is quite literally another world lurks Loudness, a four-piece Jap jamboree of Heavy Metal mania deserving of success in a big way.

Loudness, they ain't bleedin' kiddin'! It's my first night in Tokyo, the time when yer glazzies should've sagged to the floor and demanded to be put to rest with 14 hours of flight behind you, yet here I am, GBH of me lug 'oles goin' down all around me, and silly bugger that I am, I'm lovin' it!!

No apologies, no beating around the bush, Loudness are Heavy Metal, very Metal even, purveyors of the sort of rock 'n' roll you split tables noggin-bashing to, the sort of Heavy Metal that I like! Y'see,

CONTINUES PAGE 26

IN THE EAST

ng Heavy Metal scene. Six pages of Orient Excess begin here with a report on leading s, Minoru Niihara – vocals, Akira Takasaki – guitars, Masayoshi Yamashita – bass).

FROM PAGE 24

Loudness also possess a super-smooth polish and veneer, something that makes them utterly and totally acceptable even to those of us with more than two braincells. And I'm not talking Styx-style clean-cut sterility, music to build bath chairs to, but rather a technical perfection, a set of strong *songs* and a natty image that few *bona fide* bozo bands can boast. Sing if you're glad to be . . . mindless?!!

I know that my heart is in perfect health. On this particular evening I was convinced of the fact, for had my pumping organ (not that one!) been remotely dicky, yours truly would've ended up jamming with Jimi and bopping with Bon! Sitting two feet away from axe destroyer Akira Takasaki and, more importantly perhaps, three feet from his *Marshall* 50 in a rehearsal room the size of yer average living room, is not for the faint-hearted. But for those who can stand the decidedly Manowarish (in this case) 'yellow' wind, then this really is rock 'n' roll nirvana!

DEEP IN the bowels of this, the Nippon/Columbia complex in Tokyo, lies the tiny rehearsal room from which Loudness are preparing to launch their assault on Europe, an assault which is underway even as you read (you obviously don't own a seismograph or else the shock waves would've registered!).

Akira stands directly in front of me, stage left as it were, head tilted back in classic axe hero fashion, long hair flowing and fingers shaving wood chips off the fretboard as they deftly pass from note to note at the speed of light! Make no mistake, this guy has the poise, the look and the technical ability to be one of *the* guitar greats of the future, and with a solo album, 'Tusk Of Jaguar', behind him already ("Just made for fun," he claims, "to try out a few more obscure ideas"), he obviously possesses the confidence and the balls to go all the way!

While Akira rips out guts with killingly crunching rifferama, the backbone of Loudness buffs it up behind the chrome kit he proudly plays. Munetaka Higuchi (for it is he), is the undisputed leader of Loudness. The strong silent type you'd expect to see in 'The Water Margin', it is Munetaka's classic combination of Powell power and Aldridge adroitness that has made him a firm favourite with the Nip Lockers – his mug is never out of the gross 'n' glossy Jap rock press and, while he may have to suffer endless piss-taking from the remaining Loudness guys due to his country origins, it is his tight play which gives Takasaki the freedom to break into his frequent mind-bending solo explorations.

The same could be said of gap-toothed 'n' grinning bassist Masayoshi Yamashita, a tower of power who holds up the Loudness rhythm section with formidable skill, as well as giving us all a laugh with his vivid, vibrant and, dare I say, vile stage clothes! And then there's 'im out front, the ubiquitous Minoru Niihara, a pint-sized guy with a heart of gold!

Setting eyes on him for the first time at this here rehearsal was one of those diamond moments in rock 'n' roll that I will never forget! There he was, this little Jap guy with long, flowing black hair, hardly your archetypal staid, stoic 'n' solid *Datsun* dealer, but rather a complete loony, resplendent in over-sized *Kerrang!* T-shirt (*quel chic!*) and the coolest set of shades I've ever snapped, round with the daintiest little heart in one corner!

I took an immediate liking to Minoru; 'twas he who was up for partying and 'twas he who enjoyed showing me the proverbial 'good time' during my stay. Minoru old son, you're a diamond, but don't you ever shove any more hot saki down my throat! Take it from me readers, the stuff is thoroughly lethal!

ACCORDING to a decidedly ropey English biog of the band that came my way, 'Loudness made their explosive debut with the release of their first album, 'The Birthday Eve', on November 25, 1981', and while the English might not be up to much, the sentiments expressed hit the nail on the proverbial head! If you could set your slant-eyed prejudices aside for long enough to let a few (crow) bars batter yer bonce, you'd know that Loudness produce nothing less than powder-keg, poundin' Metal. With four studio albums and the devastating double live 'Loud And Live, Loudness in Tokyo', under their heavily studded belts, this is one act that has its s**t utterly together!

What's even better is that, by the time you read this, the Music For Nations label should have done their bit for the furtherance of Nip Rock by granting 'Disillusion', the latest, greatest Loudness album, a long overdue UK release. And, in addition, you've also got the opportunity to check 'em out live (see *Tour Dates*, issue 64) – and if that rehearsal is anything to go by, we're all in for a treat!

Not that this will be Loudness' first Heathrow touchdown, as the foursome flew in during September of last year to play some gigs and lay down 'Disillusion' at London's SARM studio. Which brings us nicely to our interview scenario conducted *via* an interpreter (whaddaya mean, 'why can't you speak Japanese?') Like . . . er . . . why bother recording in England when Nippon/Columbia themselves possess a seemingly unlimited supply of top class studios deep in the heart of Tokyo?

"It *was* tempting to stay here in Tokyo," admits team leader Higuchi, "and it was pretty expensive to go to Britain but, while the studios are no better there than here, the engineers in England are far more in touch with HM, so that makes things a lot more interesting and productive."

"Plus the fact that we want to be recognized as an international act," claims axeman Akira.

It is indeed this incredible drive to achieve worldwide popularity that sets Loudness apart in their quest for success. Fame and fortune at home is not enough and fostering relations abroad is the band's main aim. Actually, it seems that Minoru has already done his fair share of fostering, having procured an American girlfriend of whom he is justifiably proud! Yet, in all seriousness, branching out is indeed a brave move for Loudness who, by their own admission, "could make a very comfortable living in Japan". Minoru:

"The logistics of the Japanese music industry are such that there really is only a major circuit of maybe ten venues. You can't tour for eight months, or even one month, so the answer is to record an album every six months, rather than every 18 months. At our level of popularity we can shift 60-80,000 units of every album and with so few touring overheads it's possible to make a tidy little sum at the end of the day!"

And make no mistake, HM may still be a minority interest in Japan (whaddaya reckon it is here buster, *Radio 2* fodder?!) but there is an almighty amount of interest in these here Loudness guys from the younger end of the music market, from young girls who reckon any guy with long hair has got to be good for an . . . er . . . shall we say 'autograph' with a 'ball-point', through to the fanatical amateur guitarists who yearn to know every chord structure for such classics as 'Sexy Woman', 'Road Racer' and 'Milky Way'. Couldn't this lead to excessive technical, rather than song-orientated, interest? After all, every music paper in Nippon indulges in detailed technical discussion of Akira's style . . .

"WE'VE THOUGHT about that a few times," concedes Akira, "but it boils down to the fact that it's all part of the same game. I think we're still confident that we can come up with the songs whatever the technique. All I'm worried about is the fact that every young guitarist in Japan will be copying my style. Maybe I'll put a stop to those technical interviews."

Shades of Eddie VH turning tail on his audience in the early days so they couldn't suss his technique! Yet the exposure situation is one that weighed heavily on my mind. There is no word of exaggeration here, no hyperbole, but *every* rock paper that you pick up features Loudness' mugs emblazoned on the cover, even to the extent that a special '100% Loudness' mag has been put together to coincide with the release of 'Disillusion'. Could it be that Loudness are the Japanese flavour of the month, that to the Japs they are teen idols? We all know what happens to them! Masayoshi doesn't agree:

"The whole attitude is different in Japan. The interest in us is more because we're the first homegrown heavy rock act to become so big. I think fans are more dedicated here than in Europe and they stick with their bands."

However, despite these comments, the band have decided to record *English* vocals for the European release of 'Disillusion', classy, classic Metal in anyone's language.

"The logistics of the Japanese music industry are such that there really is only a major circuit of maybe ten venues. You can't tour for eight months, or even one month . . ."

RISING SONS

HoJo rounds-up the most-and-least-promising of Japan's new Heavy Metal acts . .

EARTHSHAKER: What price stardom? (Pic Max Takahashi).

YOU DON'T know too much about them – and that is gonna change sharpish – but make no mistake, they know all about you.

So this is Tokyo, eh? Here lies a massive, sprawling conurbation where traditional east meets commercial west in a liaison which is certainly functional, if not altogether harmonious.

The TV eye view of Tokyo that we know only too well from our own channels amazingly portrays the real McCoy: skyscrapers towering upwards ('upwards' being the space left open to entrepreneurs!) and a curious amalgam of brash neon hordings in native script and pidgin English dominating the city's profile.

My first impression of this other world when I arrived in the city centre – and learnt how tiresome Tokyo's traffic flow problems can be – was of New York in overdrive, and if you know how hectic Manhattan can get, it gives you some idea of Tokyo's incessant ant-like activity. The sheer vastness of the place can be disconcerting too – it's not a situation for a nervous northern boy – but that feeling of uneasiness settles in your stomach *before* you understand the mentality of Japanese natives and the strong cultural heritage that exerts tremendous influence.

Believe it or not, and incredible as it sounds for such a densely populated city, Tokyo is completely safe ("Tokyo – very safety," I was informed on numerous occasions!) from vandals, muggers and the like.

Loudness' manager, the delightful Miss Masumi Sasaki, told me that it's no problem for a woman to walk the streets alone at three in the morning without fear of molestation. Hard to believe when you've been raised in the west, but true nonetheless. Why? As far as I could understand the Japanese concept of personal honour plays an important role. Self-respect is vital to the individual – and if that self-respect were to be tarnished, the impact on the individual would be immeasurable. It's not surprising to learn therefore that Japan has the highest suicide rate in the world, and the story that I read about a guy who jumped to his death from a bridge because he did not reach his company's productivity aims is perfectly typical. To a westerner it's warped, but the Japanese have a totally different concept of dedication to both work and family.

Mikio Shimizu, A&R manager of Loudness' Nippon/Columbia label and a guy with a perfect understanding of English – surprisingly rare in Japan – explained that he starts work at 9.30am every day and doesn't finish until 10.30pm. Try telling that to the people employed by British record companies! And yet, divorce in Japan is still virtually unheard of.

SO WHAT does this lead to? What's the relevance to Heavy Metal rock 'n' roll? Well consider that, despite the unwritten law that you conform, despite the fact that you dare not screw the system (all praise!) . . . despite all this, there has emerged a vibrant, vital and healthy heavy rock movement. If you think how often HM has been cited as 'subversive' in Britain and the States, imagine the general standpoint in Japan. We're talking heavy s**t! The hard rock subculture must be the antithesis of everything that is accepted as good 'n' proper. It is unproductive ("Why can't he work on the *Datsun* production line?") it promotes sexual promiscuity, it is outrageous and contains no discipline within its ranks.

Everything points to parents discouraging their kids from becoming involved, even peripherally, by any means in their power. And yet bands are springing up at a ferocious rate, some excellent, some atrocious, all of them interesting, making records, playing gigs! And perhaps what is more important is that the kids are there, paying their money and lapping it up, so much so that live performances and records alone are not enough to satiate them.

Which leads me here, to the notorious Tsubaki House HM disco, lodged discreetly into the fifth floor of what appears to be a regular office block – and believe me, this disco is anything but regular!

Two guys from the Rainbow crew who'd stayed on after Ritchie's recent Budokan blow-out stare at me blankly, tongues-a-droopin', and all I can do is return the same gormless expression. This is the hub of Tokyo's HM subculture where everyone and everybody meets – a motley crew, a motley view!

Hundreds of girls slink around the club's darker recesses, most of 'em stunningly beautiful, all of 'em sporting ridiculously short mini-skirts, which have the strange effect of making the buttons pop off yer own legwear!

HM Jap-style is nothing if not cosmopolitan and can you believe that Alcatrazz are to these little dolly birds what Duran Duran represent to all those English lassies

CONTINUES PAGE 29

VEIL: one of the more obscure names on the circuit.

X RAY: cheeky tradition breakers.

CARMEN MAKI of 5X: giving it all away?

KODOMO BAND: produced by Rick Derringer.

ACTION: Kiss Kopyists.

with wet knickers? Alcatrazz? They can't be serious!

Oh but they are most definitely serious at the Tsubaki House, even to the extent that one herbert had become Graham Bonnet's alter-ego, white suit, Jimmy Dean barnet, the full regalia. Imagine that at yer local rock dive, the guy would be pronounced a lunatic within seconds, and yet here he's feted as a star and is even given a microphone in order to give it the imaginary vocal bit during 'All Night Long' – and through the evening girls flocked to his side. Laugh? I nearly cut my hair!

You'd better not doubt the sincerity of these girls though, staunch concert goers to a woman – and concerts are quite an experience, played in modern, warm, comfortable halls, it's a luxury trip, kicking off by law at 6.30 in the evening so that the kiddies can catch buses home at a respectable hour. What's more, the home-grown HM scene is so lively and vibrant that the kids desperately want to see their kinsmen!

MY FIRST concert experience was at Shibuya Kokaido, a plush 3,000 seater where the Runaways recorded their 'Live In Japan' extravaganza, and the band I witnessed have the potential to be up there with the big boys, make no mistake. **EARTHSHAKER** a four-piece who play Metal with class. Hard drivin' action couples with melodic interpretations to produce a beautifully balanced, totally enthralling sound – and live is definitely the icing on this particular cake.

Vocalist Marcy is a born star. Diminutive, happy-go-lucky, heavily be-bangled and a dead-ringer for Steve Tyler (the guy worships Aerosmith) even down to the bonnie Tyler's Jagger-style pucker lips. Marcy is an incredibly exciting frontman, commanding the stage with minimum effort, maximum energy and enjoys playing up to the screaming girls like a good 'un. What price stardom, eh?

Earthshaker's second album, 'Fugitive', recorded at the Automatt in San Francisco, is due for release in April on Music For Nations and it really is a stormer. Alongside Loudness, Earthshaker are the biggest native band in the land and with due cause. This troupe is special . . . very special.

'Special' isn't a word I'd over-use when describing the other live act I witnessed, however.

Admittedly it was **ACTION'S** first major concert hall gig, but really they were an abomination!

Someone at *Philips* has put an awful lot of money into this four-piece pastiche, made up of guys with the unlikely monikers of Yoshiro, Mock, Keiichi and Hitoshi, and he obviously has hopes of turning them into a Nip bastardisation of Kiss. The band's debut release is a four-track EP, which is actually fairly passable hard pop – but the disc's packaging is something to be seen. A tacky 'n' trashy silver pouch gives way to a whole bunch of freebies, ranging from stickers and a garish full colour poster through to a Kiss-style komik.

The poor boys can't play too well and their songs which don't feature on the EP range from predictable to downright tedious. The young lassies loved every stereotyped pout 'n' pose, mainly due to the fact that Action sport heavy, garish make-up, but as I'm not of the Dicksonian persuasion all I saw was a very amateur Glam Rock band that made Wrathchild look like God's gift. Like I said, Tokyo provides the good, the bad and, I'm sure, somewhere along the line, the ugly!

Yet despite the fact that equipment is cheap, it isn't easy to make headway in this unique hard rock world. Studio time is expensive and halfway decent HM engineers are hard to come by, which leads to a glut of acts around the bottom end of the spectrum who are doing their thing for the love of it in the faint hope that someone will snap them up from obscurity and plough money into them.

Utter astonishment lay on the faces of the various members of **IVORY GATE** and **VEIL**, two of the more obscure names on the circuit, when I revealed the minimal cost of hiring a studio in the UK . . . and it shows! The quality of material from bands with deals is light years away from the demo tapes of the aforementioned two bands and their ilk. The gulf is probably greater in Japan than it is back in Britain.

YET THERE is one area of Heavy Metal rock 'n' roll where each and every troupe scores hands down over western acts . . . and that is style! Tokyo can lay claim to having the most *chic* of rock 'n' roll clothes shops in the world and every band makes full use of such boutiques as *Black* and *Metal Kids* to dupe us into believing they're the biggest thing to hit the market in years. Every variety of gear is available, even to the extent that *Black* stocks *Kerrang!* sweat shirts amongst their assorted gadgetry. Rock 'n' roll paradise for the hep cats.

This domestic rock 'n' roll revolution has, however, taken time. It was a long and lengthy process to convince the public, weaned for aeons on stars from the west filling the Budokan at will, that Japanese bands really could compete in the hard rock stakes. After all, as Tokyo's 'Queen Of Heavy Metal', the lovely journalist Naomi Ohno, explained, many Japanese youngsters seriously believed that their co-habitants could never match their western contemporaries because . . . you have to read this . . . because western guys ate more meat than the Japanese and so had more power in their music!

Laughable, but true, and today's heroes have to thank the likes of the **FLOWER TRAVELLING BAND** and **BOW WOW** for paving the rocky path for heavy rock, as well as acts such as the eclectic, eccentric and excellent **KODOMO BAND** for showing the rest of the world that there existed a heavy rock culture in the east. The latter's 'Heartbreak Kids' album was produced by Rick Derringer in New York and it is this kind of ambitious move that made the Japanese aware of their own potential.

As far as I can grasp the position of Heavy Metal in Tokyo, the scene can never have been healthier and the main danger to its progress and fruition into something lasting, original and exciting comes from the west. Let's cut to Byblos, one of Tokyo's most exclusive rock clubs, and see there-in the seeds of the problem.

Westerners are regarded with ridiculous awe and esteem by the girls there . . . and to a certain extent by the guys. A western face can get you almost anything, from a free drink to . . . well, to the obvious. Tokyo has taken plenty from western culture and yet the feeling pervades, especially with the country's youth, that they are groping and grasping for yet more. 'Western' thus automatically signifies 'superior' and as we know, that ain't always so!

The inferiority complex can be seen in the music of some of the less mature acts. The most artistically successful of the bands to my mind are the ones who combine the western roots of hard rock with a veneer or a sheen of Japanese feeling. Loudness, Earthshaker, Bow Wow, they all possess what words on a page cannot adequately describe while the afore mentioned Action merely ape something which they can never hope to clone *and* improve upon, the same being true of Mötley Crüe . . . er . . . sorry, **44 MAGNUM**.

The band's debut album, 'Danger', appropriately features a leggy, blonde western girl (the dream fantasy for the average young Jap) and is content to copy rather than add. Don't you realise guys, you're firing a whole load of blanks! With two guys named 'Ben' and 'Joe' you wouldn't be expecting a whole lot though, would you?!

FORTUNATELY THE Japanese rock press hasn't been slow to pick up on the surge of domestic acts and has granted Loudness what is comparable to folk hero status. With the attractive, glossy format of mags such as the world famous *'Music Life* and *Rockin' F* (whaddaya think the 'F' stands for?) that's an important area of promotion covered. *Rockin' F* actually went that stage further by publishing a large spread on the most obscure of Jap acts with such intriguing monikers as **URGE POLICE**, **KAIZER**, **JELLY ROLL** and the all-girl band **EAGER**.

Indeed the females haven't solely been relegated to screamin' in the stalls, for there are women who are up there fronting Heavy Metal bands. The delectable **MARI HAMADA** has two RCA albums available of steady rock 'n' roll highlighting her powerful vocals, and then there's **MISAKO HONJO**, another good looker whose new album is currently being produced by **5X** guitarist **GEORGE AZUMA**.

George himself is a well-known figure on the Tokyo scene having nurtured the career of another girl, 5X vocalist **CARMEN MAKI**, who has apparently all but given up the business, and the prolific guitarist is also producing a band by the name of **BLIZZARD** whose repetoire includes a pretty chaotic version of Journey's 'Ask The Lonely'.

And the list goes on and on. There are literally dozens of acts whose names I have collected but whose material is as yet unknown, and there exist fringe bands just as back home. These acts revel in the names of **NOVELLA** – progressive 'n' powder, futuristic 'n' foundation rockers – and the excellent Stones-derivative **STREETSLIDERS**. Or **X RAY**, purveyors of commercial Metal and instigators of a very cheeky album sleeve for their second album, 'Tradition Breaker'. They're also equipped with one **SHI YUASA**, a devastating 18 years old axe wielder!

From merely scratching the surface of the genre (a week was simply too short a time to get right to the bottom of things) I discovered that the scene is thriving, oozing potential, bustin' out all over, flyin' out the door even!

SINGLES

reviewed by DANTE BONUTTO

VAN HALEN: 'I'll Wait' (WEA)

I actually gave my hard-blagged copy of the '1984' album to a comely female acquaintance just so she could hear this track. An unappreciated gesture, I suspect, but when those heavenly headlights bow your head and fold your knees you just have to knuckle down to some *serious* conversion. So. . .

As a Good Samaritan of pin-drop hearing and philanthropic bent, let me stoutly recommend that you make yourself one with this follow-up to the chart-coasting 'Jump' as soon as cash/convenience/climate permit.

Under the sparkling pupils of a back-on-form Templeman, keyboard and vocal lines top a purposeful forward beat, climaxing at the appropriate point in a kiss-of-life chorus guaranteed to chip away at guts cast in granite and reduce armour-plated hide to peaches'n'cream strokeability. Jonathan King would – and probably does – love it, and Leppard manager Peter Mensch will doubtless insist on leaping around to it in the *Kerrang!* office so as to further embarrass both himself and his loved ones.

SAMSON: 'The Fight Goes On' (Polydor)

Paul Samson made the point in last issue's feature and this single punches it home – Samson today are a different proposition from the band which once housed both Bruce Dickinson and Thunderstick.

On the 12" format of this single, you get B-side versions of 'Riding With The Angels', a re-recorded Russ Ballard song that first saw the light of day on the group's shamefully overlooked 'Shock Tactics' LP, and a live rendition of 'Vice Versa', both of which are good though somehow lacking. Stuck here alone in the *Kerrang!* reviewing booth at the end of a long, ligless day, it strikes me that Nicky Moore's voice is just too intrinsically blues-based to ever sound *truly* at home on material conceived during that bygone Thunder-Bruce era. Which might be a problem were it not for the strength of the new numbers. . .

This, the second single plucked from the current 'Don't Get Mad, Get Even' album, is both powerful and poignant with Moore, no longer languishing under an avalanche of lard, dispensing ripe, rasping tones that seem to deflect off all vital organs before rumbling to the fore. And, yes, yet *another* mention for drummer Pete Jupp.

NIGHTWING: 'Night Of Mystery' (Gull)

Tasteful and romantically disposed, this track from the 'My Kingdom Come' LP might well appeal to those inclined to weepalongaStyx. Not a great balladic outing, though Max Bacon, as he's now showing with Bronz on Bronze, knows what to do when confronted with a microphone (i.e. sing into it), which is more than I can say for some.

The trouble with the 'Wing, however, is image – or rather lack of it. There's a faint whiff of decay and BOFism about centrepiece Gordon Rowley's history and haircut, though on purely musical credentials this band are clearly deserving of serious consideration.

THE CARS: 'Why Can't I Have You' (Elektra)

Klassik Kars. Lushly woven heart-stringer with aching, confessional vocals and rich, dripping chorus. As with the whole album (the brilliant 'Heartbeat City', from whence this comes), it's keyboards which edge things along, riding high and smooth on a just-so production full of subtle aside and clipped charisma. A must.

EASY ACTION: 'We Go Rocking' (Sire)

Freshly snapped-up Swedes, three of whom are sufficiently winsome as to render the band almost Suterian! 'We Go Rocking' they say, and they're as good as their word, bouncing along in unison on a hollow-hearted pop/Metal backbone.

In true ancestral tradition, there's a degree of rape 'n' pillage going on here (Mud, Sweet and Glitter are all enthusiastically violated), but it's done with such style that it scarcely matters. *And*. . . being considerably less sleazy and gutter-bound than Hanoi Rocks, there's a chance that this hook-heavy five may one day end up flanking Sting, Stevens and Springfield on pink-painted bedroom walls.

Action Men in Sindy's clothes.

SARACEN: 'We Have Arrived' (Neat)

Pomp rock of no particular circumstance, a mite akin to Pallas' 'Arrive Alive', though nowhere near as good. Pressed on the thinnest vinyl I've ever seen – I mean, the damn thing's almost a flexi-disc! – I wouldn't leave the quilted depths of the *Kerrang!* Parker Knoll to turn it over, off or up. Onward. . .

VALHALLA: 'Jack' (Neat)

No insult intended, like, but the combination of engineer Keith Nichol and the facilities available at Impulse Studios, Newcastle, seems to produce a real wet handshake of a drum sound that even the ever-noisy Venom can't escape.

In this instance, however, the lack of rhythmic poke is something less than a tragedy as the song itself is little more than a spiritless straggler, its tedious two-tone vocal line helped neither by keyboard fills nor sombre stabs at the joanna – a fruitless attempt at drama, methinks. Tries the patience.

ALASKA: 'Susie Blue' (Music For Nations)

2-4-6-8. . . NO WAY! Good singer this Bob Hawthorne, bit like a young Rod Stewart (yes, that *is* meant as a compliment), but the song itself is soooo pedestrian, something that makes the lifting of the old Tom Robinson riff ironically appropriate.

If this attempt at a good-time rockalong, spinning keyboards *at al*, is the best that Bernie and his merry (snow)men can come up with, then his post-Snake career must continue to nestle under a question mark both large and luminous.

QUEEN: Wrathchild watch out!

SLEDGEHAMMER: 'In The Queue' (Illuminated)

New Wave (the Jam) meeds Heavy Metal (Motörhead) on a special sledgehammer-shaped picture disc. The energy's certainly there and the song itself isn't bad either, punchy and pointed with plenty of staccato bite.

QUEEN: 'I Want To Break Free' (EMI)

Yet another keyboards-based offering (It's all the rage), this gently swaying, stealthily advancing, airplayable single really isn't a patch on the VH shiner. Not too much in the way of balls, y'see, though I have it from a trusted source that the video to accompany this John Deacon-penned *pop-pourri* should help to compensate, it featuring (along with a *Coronation St* spoof) a freshly shaven, decloseted Freddie M shaking a leg alongside 20 members of the Royal Ballet. I make no further comment.

WHITESNAKE: 'Standing In The Shadow' (EMI)

Starting with a Dioesque 'Errrmmmm', the Coverdale voice proves as finely lubricated as ever, if a little less inclined towards hair-tossing, microphone-thrusting histrionics than we've come to expect. What can you say? Sheer class and professionalism from top to tail, with muscle and melody abounding to an equal degree. Quality stuff.

CAMEL: 'Cloak And Dagger Man' (London)

Surprisingly contemporary offering from Camel, quite spikey around the midriff, complete with consistently prominent slabs of guitar and some extra keyboard involvement towards the end. In view of VH's recent breakthrough, I guess they might have called this single 'Hump', but then a band of this stature really doesn't need too many gimmicks.

ACCEPT: 'Balls To The Wall' (Portrait)

The video shot to promote this, the title track of the band's current LP, is a 24-carat turkey, but the song itself is a different kettle of squid.

On vinyl, Accept have one of *the* guitar sounds, a ramrod wedge of steel backed by a piston-thrust of power, and it's showcased well on this mid-tempo march across the senses. Mix socially relevant, life-and-death lyrics, semi-spoken by the bullet-headed Udo, with a backbeat of bulldozer might, and you have a typically Teutonic, azure-eyed anthem complete with chanting of the sort you could build pyramids, row longboats or storm across the steppes to.

Incidentally, *Kerrang!* ad manager Dave Oberlé, resident Real Man and hot-water bottle tester for the Mighty Thor, was actually driven deaf by this band during their headline gig at the Hammy Odeon, so we're talking heavy goods here. . .

SAXON: 'Do It All For You' (Carrere)

Can I just say that I find Saxon's new chainmail crusade something of a bad joke and the current Beamish-backed LP a poor power-shy relation to the likes of 'Strong Arm. . . ' and 'Wheels Of Steel'. . .

Chest-clearing aside, though, it has to be admitted that this particular song *is* good, poignantly arranged right down to the ethereal back-up vocals, with a dewy-eyed Biff from Barnsley, heart pumping on sleeve and man-size tissue in iron mitt, giving it The Works. But stand it alongside '747', 'WOS' or 'And The Bands Played On' and it's a seven stone weakling sadly lacking in inches.

ROGER WATERS: '5:01am (The Pros And Cons Of Hitch-Hiking)' (Harvest)

Something of a stylistic mish-mash, blending 'Slowhand' guitar play – lazy initially, perky later on – prominent female vocals, a catchy if somewhat cumbersome chorus and snorting sax, the closest overall comparison being, I would think, Dire Straits, though that's just the roughest of ear-marks.

Enigmatic and off-the-wall(!), as you'd expect from Waters, but here the diverse ingredients make for an eminently palatable whole.

SHOOTING STARS

HOWARD JOHNSON enters the firing line with German HM'ers BULLET.

WHAT COLOUR are women? No, don't titter at the back, this is a serious biological investigation that I'm conducting in the *Kerrang!* 'Biology, Botany and Lobotomy' course! Ya reckon they're sorta flesh coloured, dontcha? Yeah, well so did I – until I hit the Egham trail, the Holloway Sanatorium road to be precise, in search of a Bullet to bite on, something to chew over, while German rockers Bullet filmed a video for their new single, 'I Sold My Soul To Rock 'N' Roll'.

Pic Robert Ellis

Holloway Sanatorium (that's where the 'Lobotomy' bit comes in!) is a disused mental hospital whose sole purpose these days is to play host to various video nasties – and the occasional goodie – featuring the likes of Adam Ant, Bonnie Tyler, Billy Rankin . . . and Bullet, and in the corniest, or is it best, of Heavy Metal traditions, director Lindsay Clenell has brought in a whole host of leather-clad lovelies to pout, pose and point their sizeable assets at the lens in the pursuit of . . . er . . . is it art?!

Oh yeah, and he's also employing two naked ladies covered in blue (there's your answer!) paint for added effect. Things are getting interesting, especially when Bob 'King Of Porn' Ellis ropes yours truly into posing next to the two naughty young hussies! Complain? Ya gotta be joking! Come on girls, stand to attention! Oh, you are doing! Come on, give 'em a break, it's bloody freezing in here!!

But, of course, I'm not here to conduct in-depth interviews with nude models (maybe next assignment, boss?!); my main aim is to exchange gutterals with Bullet, *aka* Klaus Thiel (guitar/vocals), Jürgen Graf (guitar), Fitty Wienhold (bass) and Mike Lichtenberg (drums), and to report on said video, a lavish production wherein the band eventually put one over on the devil in pursuit of rock 'n' roll before making off with the booty . . . and the beauties!!

Of course, 'I Sold My Soul . . .' plays on the lasciviousness present in every hot-blooded male, while adding extra twists and turns of excitement, with Fitty breathing fire – almost indulging in self-immolation in the process – and the band indulging in some serious rockin' in spite of female attention. *Clichéd?* For sure, but a blistering bout of good, dirty fun, and if you're gullible enough to believe that this is the real world then more fool you, mate!

And this, dear readers, has become standard procedure for every single musical troupe with aspirations to hit the big time. It's your decision as to whether it enhances the music or detracts from it but, no doubt about it, video is here to stay . . . and with Bullet's 'No Mercy' album out in the States on Arista the need for *MTV* product has to be satiated.

YET, DESPITE all this gloss, it is product, vinyl, that will always be the most important aspect of rock 'n' roll and, while for my money Bullet's album shows more potential than fulfillment, it could well be the kind of mindless bludgeon that the States will swallow lock stock and barrel . . .

"We *have* to look to the States," claims guitarist Jurgen, "because it's the world's biggest market and, of course, the success of the Scorpions there has started to open the door for other German hard rock acts."

Which puts Bullet in a strong position thanks to their Dieter Dierks connection. During a lull when he wasn't counting profits from his Scorps' album productions, Dierks manned the desk for 'No Mercy', even contributing one of his own compositions, 'Baby We Can Talk'. Fitty:

"He's been involved with us pretty much from the start. We sent him a demo tape and he liked what he heard, so we signed a contract . . . with the devil!" he laughs.

"We've had a lot of positive feedback from the States already and the album's only been out there for a month, so our plans are to go over as soon as possible. Besides, the experience of touring out there would be a really important one for us. It would make the ties between band members stronger and would teach us a hell of a lot!"

"You can learn all the time, everywhere!" claims drummer Mike, "but you have to see things for yourself. It's no good reading about someone else's experiences in a book or seeing it on TV. It's only through personal experience that you can make something feel authentic."

Maybe that travelling will sharpen Bullet up in their approach to hard rock, and help them escape the realms of tedium, because under the mire of their arrangements and presentation lie some credible pieces of songwriting, such as 'Down By The Neonlights' and the stealthy 'Midnight Stalker'. Mike may have professed a profound liking for much of new British pop, but Bullet haven't as yet digested the good points that can be taken from other music.

"We open our ears to anything and everything," he claims enthusiastically. "We never just want to stick within the boundaries of Heavy Metal. We don't wanna be a fashion . . . and we don't wanna be old-fashioned, but HM is a pretty timeless sort of music. We grew up with it and it's still here so that really proves the point, doesn't it?"

"Whether it's limiting or not depends on the musicians," says Klaus. "If the individuals always have new ideas, generate their own creativity, then there should be no problem. Bullet will always be a hard rock band because we all thrive on the power of heavy rock music, but there's no reason why we can't develop new ideas in the future."

LAUDABLE AIMS, it's just a shame we haven't really been treated to vinyl proof of the above mouthings as yet. Maybe Bullet are still finding their feet after weathering the storm of the *'Neue Deutsche Welle'*, the German New Wave onslaught (remember Trio? I bet you'd rather forget!) that has only recently begun to die out.

"That nearly destroyed us even before we'd begun," says Jurgen, "the *'Neue Deutsche Welle'* killed nearly all interest in Heavy Metal in Germany, especially in the home-based acts, and because of that our first album didn't really do too well. It was *very* difficult to survive, but HM is coming back really strong in Germany now!"

Which is a good thing, especially for this act, as their stage performance seems to be steeped in the greatest and grossest of HM traditions. Shock 'n' stun, maul 'n' maim!

"It's a very powerful and energetic show," informs Fitty. "You wouldn't fall asleep while we're on stage, that's for sure! We let it all hang out so to speak, and we have a pretty exciting finale. During 'Mr Death' (a track on the band's first 'Execution' LP) we have a fire fight. Mr Death comes on and battles it out with me in a live exhibition of pyromania!"

It certainly sounds a show to watch, and if the band have their way they'll be bringing it to Britain after giving the States and Europe a shot! Whatever you do, don't tell the GLC about it! While I wouldn't actually put my 'ackers on the table for 'No Mercy', I might well shell out the readies for a butchers at their live act. I wonder what you'd do?!

ROBBIN CROSBY

★ IN OUR 'no smoke without fire' department, **Jake E. Lee** of **Ozzy Osbourne's** band had to run around raising bail for **Robbin Crosby** of **Ratt** who got nicked down in redneck Boise, Idaho, when he popped out into the audience during a gig and puffed on a fan's joint.

When a cop approached, the ever-polite Robbin asked: "What's the problem?"

"*You're* the problem," said the man in blue, who proceeded to slap on the handcuffs.

When Robbin protested that he was in the band onstage, all the cop had to say was: "I *know* who you are, boy!"

Pic Ross Halfin

ROCK U.S.A.

LAURA CANYON REPORTS

★ HOLLYWOOD'S GETTING to look like Mecca during the holiday rush hour what with musicians down on their knees all over town trying to lure people into their bands!

Black Sabbath's been auditioning the five remaining singers in the universe that haven't already been in their band – odds are that **Ron Keel**, the long, thin singer from Nashville who's just broken up **Steeler** to form his own modestly-titled band, **Keel**, will get the job. Can't wait to hear 'Paranoid' in a cowboy accent . . .

Lita Ford's been auditioning a bunch of hot-blooded boys, including a recent **Ratt** refugee, for her touring band – she's heading your way soon. **Aldo Nova**, as previously reported, makes a guest appearnce on her upcoming LP. Incidentally, when Aldo said he'd keep an eye out for the new *Kerrang!*, we didn't know he meant it literally! He injured an eyeball in a jet-ski accident in Hawaii just before shooting his 'Hold Back The Night' video, which is why he's wearing that silly **Adam Ant** eyepatch; the crafty director worked it into the plot and has Aldo playing a sci-fi outlaw, alongside his real-life girlfriend **Dee** and some actor from that 3-D abomination 'Metalstorm'.

★ **ROUGH CUTT**, as reported in *Mayhem* last issue, have signed a prestigious deal with Warner Brothers. After a trip to England and Europe – set up before they'd been offered a record contract, in the hope of garnering interest overseas first and coming back stars, like **Twisted Sister** – they'll go into the studio, they hope with producer **Ted Templeman**, and have an album out by the Summer. The demo tape that sparked all this attention was produced by **Ronnie James Dio**, whose wife Wendy manages the band.

★ **GENE SIMMONS** of **Kiss** has formed his own management company. Called Monster Mgt, if you read last issue's *Rock USA* it'll come as no surprise for you to hear that one of his first clients is New York cabaret star **Liza Minelli** . . . While we're on the subject of tongues, an American phone company has put out a custom-built telephone made to look exactly like the **Rolling Stones'** red-and-white mouth and tongue logo . . . And while we're on the subject of the Stones, **Jerri Hall** is emulating her old man **Mick** and writing her own book about the band. It's tentatively titled 'Hall Of Fame'.

★ **RON NEVISON,** one-time producer of both **UFO** and **MSG**, is working with **Jefferson Starship** on their next LP; **Grace Slick's** still with the band . . . **Michael Schenker** pissed off a whole lot of punters by refusing to do an encore at his packed Palladium gig . . . **Fee Waybill** of the **Tubes** is in LA working on his first solo album . . . **Bruce Springsteen** reckons his next album should be ready by June . . . **Warlord** are putting out a 12-inch single of 'Alien' on Metal Blade next month, featuring **Damien King II**, the new vocalist . . . What **Sin** would like to know is who nicked their drum seat, pinched a bit of a guitar and unplugged their keyboards just before they went onstage after **Malice** and **Armored Saint** at a sold-out Perkins Palace? . . **Randy Rhoads'** brother, **Kelle**, has been playing around town with his new band **Rhoads** . . . LA radio station KMET, *the* HM station, has expanded its Mighty Metal Hour show, which features a lot of unsigned stuff, to two hours . . . Canadian band **Kick Axe** have been in LA recording their debut album, 'Vices', for **Quiet Riot's** Pasha label.

Pic Ross Halfin

GENE SIMMONS: handling Liza Minelli

The NEW Kerrang! binder!

IT'S HERE at last. . . the new, improved BIGGER binder for the new, improved BIGGER *Kerrang!*

Ever since we generously (!) increased the size of *Kerrang!* last September we've been inundated, *submerged* even, by a flood of calls from people who want a suitably gargantuan binder in which to preserve their treasured tomes.

And now it's here: the beast can be tamed!

No more being crushed by an avalanche of mags every time you open your cupboard! No more frantic grovelling through dog-eared piles of print to find that lusted-after Lita Ford pic!

Now you can keep your *Kerrang!*s in perfect pristine condition, safe and orderly within the protective confines of our lavishly-produced binder.

It costs just £5, including post and packaging, or 10 US dollars outside the UK. Cheques, postal orders or international money orders should be made payable to **Spotlight Publications Ltd.**

Just complete the form below and send it with payment to: ***Kerrang!* Binders, Morgan Grampian, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ.**

PS: THE OLD, SMALLER BINDER IS STILL AVAILABLE! The new one takes the old, smaller issues of *Kerrang!* as well, but you can still obtain the old, smaller binders by using the coupon below. The price is the same.

BOTH STILL available! The old (top) and new binders

Use this coupon to order your binder today. . .

To: *Kerrang!* Binders, Morgan Grampian, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ.

Please send me.....NEW *Kerrang!* binder(s). I enclose a cheque/money order for .....

Please send me.....OLD (smaller) *Kerrang!* binder(s). I enclose a cheque/money order for .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

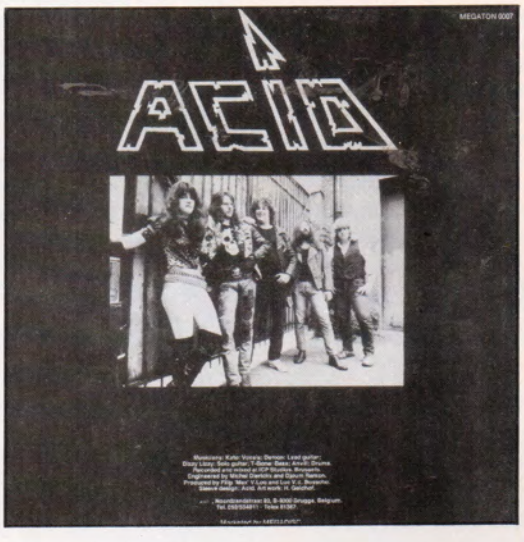
BULLET RECORDS

P.O. BOX 459
KIDSGROVE
STOKE-ON-TRENT
STAFFS ST7 2EU

TRES ALBUMS

BLACK ROSE
'Boys Will Be Boys'
Bulb 3 (L.P. 10 tracks)

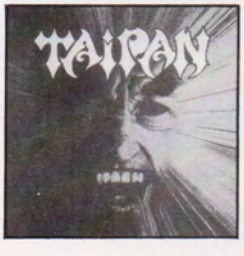
LE GRIFFE
'Breaking Strain'
Bulp 2 (Mini-L.P. 5 tracks)



ACID
'Maniac'
Megaton 7 (L.P. 8 tracks)

All Bullet releases are available by mail order,
LP's £5.49/Mini-LP's £4.49/12" £2.50/7" £1.50.
Send orders to the above address
making cheques/P.O.s payable to "Bullet Records".
Prices include postage & packing for the U.K.
Overseas customers please add 80p for each 12"/L.P.
and 25p for each 7".
Send s.a.e. for complete list.

BLACK ROSE
Boys Will Be Boys
Bol 7 (7" Ltd edition + Free Patch)



TAIPAN
Cont 3 (12" 4 tracks)

LE GRIFFE
You're Killing Me
Bolt 7 (12" 3 tracks)

SAM THUNDER
Don't Take Forever
Bolt 8 (12" 3 tracks)

HARRIER
Out On The Streets
Harrit (12" 3 tracks)

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD RECORD STORES

KILLER WATT!

DOUG CHANDLER crosses the Tremelo Bridge and finds himself stranded in 'super wang bar' territory.

A TREMELO bridge is the most vital piece of hardware in the Metal guitar player's arsenal today. The problem is, there are too many of them! The choice of super wang bars available to the unsuspecting player is both wide and confusing.

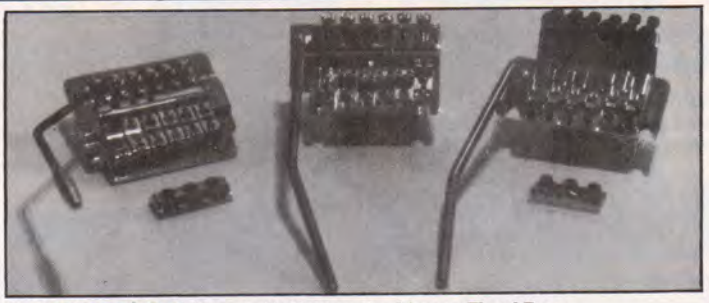
I'm going to skip over the history of the mechanical *vibrato* by saying simply that the majority of these devices are designed to replace, or are modelled loosely on, the 'synchronised' tremelo fitted to the Fender Stratocaster and designed by Leo Fender and Freddy Travares in mid-1953. This was the first commercially available unit made as an integral part of the guitar, and if it is set up right, still works well.

But what we are talking about here is *physical abuse*, and Leo's original was designed more for 'slush lever' cowboys than for producing *Stuka* sound effects.

The first model worth mentioning in this latter category was produced by an American guitarist called Floyd Rose.

Developed in the late Seventies, the Floyd Rose tremelo system was the first to feature a nut and bridge clamp, although pedal steel player Red Rhodes held a patent for a similar device granted in 1964! Early Floyd Rose systems were purposeful but poorly finished. Modern units are a well-made and finished combination of machined and cast parts in steel and zinc alloy, manufactured in West Germany.

The big advantage with the Floyd Rose has always been its almost infallible ability to hold tune, due to the fact that it locks the strings not only at the nut end but at the bridge end as well. The manufacturers recently brought their product into line with the other two of the 'big three' trem companies (Kahler and Rockinger) by fitting a bridge end fine tuning



TEMPTING TREMS (from left): Kahler, Rockinger, Floyd Rose.

device. Strings are locked by steel plates in pairs on a combination nut clamp and nut, which definitely requires expert fitting to ensure correct string height at the first fret.

Bridge operation is by way of inertia block and springs similar to the original Fender design, but with a slimmed-down block to enable greater throw before it hits the back of the body cavity. The bridge is mounted on two adjustable pillars, like an old Gibson string bar bridge.

Minus points are the large amount of alteration undergone by the instrument, the fact that the nut clamp has to be bolted through the neck at the nut (the weakest point of the neck) and the absence of roller saddles on the bridge.

NEWEST CONTENDER in the trem stakes is the Kahler, designed by Englishman Dave Storey, and manufactured by veteran guitar parts man Gary Kahler. This is by far the most impressive in terms of its general appearance, being a sleek, low bridge, very well machined in solid brass with a silk smooth action.

Operation is a radical departure from the Fender design, as there is no inertia block or springs in the back of the guitar. A patented ball-bearing 'recoil cam' and fine tuning string cage are the only moving parts, the massive base plate being screwed directly onto the face of the instrument. The roller saddles, which are adjustable for height, length and string spacing, are also non-moving.

The nut clamp acts on pairs of strings like the Floyd Rose, but does not require removal of the original nut or drilling through the neck.

Plus points are an incredibly smooth and sensitive action and the ability to adjust virtually every aspect of the unit's performance from the top face of the instrument.

Minus points are a slight thickening up of the sound when mounted on Strat type guitars, due to the massive construction, and the necessity of routing the face of the guitar body to fit the bridge.

Kahler also manufacture a purpose-built Gibson replacement trem with identical features to the Strat system, still the only workable trem bridge for these types of guitar.

THE ROCKINGER company from Germany have at last got themselves UK distribution through the Manson guitar company, after a couple of years of good sales in Germany and the US. Their tremelo bridge owes many of its design features to the Floyd Rose, as its overall appearance might suggest.

The unit utilises inertia block and springs like the Floyd Rose, and mounts on two studs, although, unlike the Floyd Rose, these are conveniently located on the two outside of the six leading edge holes drilled on a stock Strat body. Roller saddles are used and a fine tuner is fitted. The string clamp is fitted behind the nut and clamps strings three, four, five and six individually and strings one and two together.

Plus points are the ease of installation and its very reasonable price. One minus point is the tendency of the bridge to slide down the mounting posts during extreme depressions of the trem arm.

This deals with the top end of the 'super trem' market. But what is there for the player with limited funds who still wants to get some Van Halen flash into his playing?

The following companies all make locking or semi-locking wide travel units in the lower price bracket: ESP, with their 'Flicker' unit, which requires no modification to the guitar and will provide useful effects, especially when used with their string locks; Tokai, whose unit is now fitted to some of their 'own design' instruments; and Double Eagle, whose unit is more than a little similar to the Rockinger.

In addition, Fender, Ibanez and Washburn all have custom design tremeloes fitted to some of their current guitars. The prestigious Schecter company also have a locking multi-adjustable tremelo just around the corner.

Prices (exluding fitting) range from around £50 for the Double Eagle to £185 for the Kahler. But remember, there really is no such thing as a tremelo bridge which will *never* go out of tune. All the units currently available are a compromise in one or more areas. Pick the one which suits you.

Enquiries to . . .
Floyd Rose: Mike Cooper Marketing, 09073 74902
Kahler: Chandler Guitars, 01-940 5874
Rockinger: Manson Guitar Company, 08926 4266
ESP: Chandler Guitars, 01-940 5874
Tokai: Blue Suede Music, 0524 36227/8
Double Eagle: Stentor Music Company, 07273 40226/7/8

SILVER SYRINX £9.00
SWORD OF CHAOS £9.00
SILVER TONGUE £9.00
BLAZE HIGH QUALITY HALLMARKED SILVER PENDANTS WITH 16", 18", 20"
BOTH LED ZEP SYMBOLS NOW AVAILABLE IN 9ct GOLD (£43.00) PRICE INCL 9ct GOLD CHAIN, REG DELIVERY & PRESENTATION CASE
Robert Plant – LED ZEP SYMBOL £9.00
V-H £9.00
SAX £9.00
ALL PENDANTS ACTUAL SIZE
ALSO AVAILABLE BOC £9.00, MSG £9.00 PINK FLOYD £9.00, YES £9.00, OZZY £9.00
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED ON GOODS RETURNED WITHIN 7 DAYS
All payments to: PO BOX 557 (K2) ST ANDREWS, BIRMINGHAM B10 QEB

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

FEMALE INTO most HM/HR seeks male, 19-25, for gigs, having fun etc, in Watford/Herts area. Photo required. Box No. K295.

FEMALE ROBET PLANT FAN, recently heartbroken, age 20, requires male, 18-25, for pen-pal, friendship and company. Also into Zep, long hair, afghans. Sense of humour essential. No marrieds, sales reps, rip-off artists please. Notts, Yorks area. Box No. K296.

DML THE LEGS, I now know that you never cared. That hurts a lot. THE TOES.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GIRL, 20, into most HR/HM/other varied interests, seeks tall, slim, good looking guy, 25-30, for fun filled relationship. Possibly South London area. Photo essential. Box No. K297.

PASSIONATE MALE, 23, seeks randy female for lasting passionate relationship. Leeds, Yorkshire. Box No. K289.

RECORDS FOR SALE

TRIDENT: NEW single 'Destiny'. £1.60 from: 'Trident', 6, Kings Place, Llandudno, North Wales. (cheques – John Owen).

ROUNDHOUSE: SAN Francisco based '60s-'70s influenced hard rock. New single, (review: *Kerrang!* No.62),T-shirts, photos, etc. Write: Roundhouse, 112 Hungtington Dr, SF, CA94132, USA. Long Live Rock.

AMAZING COLLECTORS' REOCRDS!! 10,000 promos, picture discs. Test pressings. Limited Editions. Coloured vinyls, ultra rare deletions. Foreign rarities from Japan, Europe, USA. Fastest new list-out now! Queen, Kiss, Japan, Damned, Cure, Iron Maiden, Deep Purple, Sweet, Quo, T.Rex, Genesis, Kate Bush, Slade, Gillan. Massive selection of Heavy Metal, Punk, New Wave, early 60s & 70s rarities and much more. Abba to Zappa! Collectors – Don't Miss This! Large SAE (Dept S) RS Records, 9 Silver Street, Wiveliscombe, Somerset TA4 1PG.

FOR SALE

RAINBOW, PURPLE rarities. SAE to 21, Greenlee, Wilnecote, Tamworth, Staffs.

RECORDS WANTED

DEMOS ETC for airplay. Alice's Restaurant, No. 1. Saint Barnabas Road, Woodford Green, Essex IG8 7BY, England.

RARE RECORDS WANTED!! Picture Discs, Coloured Vinyls, test pressings, Deletions, of all kinds – All Heavy Metal, New Wave, Punk. Urgent request for Kiss, Queen, Kate Bush, Deep Purple, Genesis, Sweet, T.Rex, Slade, Damned, Cure, Quo, Iron Maiden, all Olivia N. John, Japan, AC/DC, Saxon, Ian Hunter, Bowie, Clash, Jam. Large collections bought, excellent prices paid for good condition material – Send list with your price. (Dept W) RS Records, 9, Silver Street, Wiveliscombe, Somerset TA4 1PG.

WANTED

TWO QUO tickets for Ipswich, reasonable price. Contact Mendlesham 527.

KISS: WANTED, any videos urgent. Send details to: 139 St. Andrews View, Breadsall Estate, Derby.

VENOM! AARDSHOK bootleg, any others considered. Box No. K293.

SAXON! SAXON! SAXON! bootlegs wanted. New, old, good, bad. Cash or swops. Every enquiry answered. Write Todds, 35, Fintry Walk, Farnborough, Hants.

MUSIC VIDEOS recorded from British TV shows. I wanna swop for my German TV concerts: HM festival Dortmund (Maiden, Scorpions, Priest, Leppard), Purple, Whitesnake – many more! Your list gets mine. Thomas Bies, Haselnussweg 32, 6940 Weinham, West Germany.

OLD ROCK MAGAZINES WANTED, featuring bands like Al Stewart, Floyd, Eagles, Zeppelin, Hendrix, Dylan, Clapton, Frampton etc. Send details to Dalfauld, Dhailling Road, Dunoon, Argyll Scotland.

FAN CLUBS

CAMEL FAN CLUB – Wendy has it together! Send 16p SAE for band record tour info to: **CAMEL FAN CLUB,** Wendy Miller, 10 Sutherland Ave, London W9 2HQ.

JOHN SYKES needs you! So join the SAS, The Official John Sykes Appreciation Society. Send SAE for details to: 25, School Crescent, Godshill, IOW PO38 3JL.

PENDRAGON INFORMATION. For regular newsletters, gig sheets etc, contact Kate and Lorraine, 61, Middle Street, Stroud, Glos GL5 1GA. Please enclose SAE.

ROLLING STONES Official Fan Club Super Collectors Kit. SAE Dept (K) PO Box 200, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 4LN.

WRATHCHILD APRIL newsletter. 10p +SAE. 6, Coxlea Close, Evesham, Worcs.

KIX INTERNATIONAL Fan Club. Kix, on Atlantic Records, has information on the band plus merchandise etc. Order Kix Records from your stores: 'KIX' (SD-19307) and 'COOL KIDS' (80056-1). Send SAE to: Kix International, PO Box 1012, Federal Square Station, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, USA 17108. We're coming to England soon!

METALLICA METAL Militia, only official wordwide fan club fully endorsed by the band. For information on membership and official merechanidse send SAE or International Reply Coupon to: 345 W. Riverside Dr, Roseburg, OR 97470, USA.

SNOWBLIND IS Heavy Metal for the Eighties! New three-track demo, £1.50p (£2.00 overseas) from: Geoff Gillespie, 55B Whitehall Rd, Thornton Heath, Surrey, CR4 6AF.

JED: QUO, bondage and your hair are out. Hippies rule, not Hammy.

CAKE, LOVE You lots. Yours, Mr Crowley.

STELLA, AIN'T no love in the heart of Luton, but I'm a love hunter who will drive like a bat out of hell to see my woman from Nottm. I Love You. Al.

JOEL PESKIN OF Fireball Management: Looking for bands on major labels or strong independent track record who need US/European management. Send records and press to: PO Box 588 Freepost, NY 11520 USA.

SLEEPIE. Happy HEAVY Birthday. Love Dumpy and Henry.

BRUCE, I'LL never desert you. Elaine.

PENFRIENDS

FEMALE, INTO most HM/HR, seeks penpals, male or female, anywhere. Box No. K294.

MANAGEMENT WANTED

COMMERCIAL ROCK Pop band, with classy image and a definite future, seek management. Majors and press are interested in us. Box No. K284.

MUSICIANS WANTED

BIRMINGHAM METAL band seek vocalist, no beginners or idiots! Steve (evenings) 472 2232.

BASSIST (16-20) needed urgently! Maiden, Lizzy, etc. Steve, Clacton 74463.

KERRANG! KLASSIFIEDS

HEADINGS: Personal, Fan Clubs, Pen Friends, For Sale, Sits Vac, Records For Sale, Records Wanted, Special Notices etc.

ONLY 20p PER WORD OR 30p PER WORD BOLD TYPE. BOX Nos ADD £1.00 SERVICE FEE.

COPY: 21 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION

SEND COMPLETED FORM WITH CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER TO:

KERRANG! KLASSIFIED DEPT 40 LONG ACRE LONDON WC2.

PLEASE PUBLISH MY ADVERTISEMENT

UNDER THE HEADING ..... FOR ..... INSERTION/S

COMMENCING ..... I enclose cheque/P.O

Value £ ..... and made payable to Spotlight Publications Ltd.

PLEASE NOTE – CHEQUES OR POSTAL ORDERS ONLY
CASH WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

Coming soon . . .

RUSH

FASTWAY

GOLDEN EARRING

TWISTED SISTER

HANOI ROCKS

LEE AARON

Next issue on sale May 3

STEVE ZODIAC of Vardis: why are we ignoring this man?

KOMMUNICATION

Send your kaustic kritiques to* Kerrang!, *Kommunication, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

SIGN OF THE ZODIAC
ISN'T IT about time you covered Vardis once again? As far as I'm concerned the lack of recognition accorded this superb band is totally ridiculous. English rock fans must walk around with their heads up their arses – you ignored Def Leppard and are now doing the same with Vardis!

Well, they're certainly appreciated in the States. Steve Zodiac and the guys are a breath of fresh air on the Heavy Metal scene. They are a genuine salvation from crap such as Mötley Crüe, who care more about their image than music.

Steve is one helluva guitarist, performing in a style that's so emotive – you can actually *feel* his chords.

America is awaiting Vardis and the sooner they come over to rock the hell out of us the better! **Geo Hadey, Long Beach, California.**

HEALTHY SERVICE
MALCOLM DOME talks through his arse! Having read his review of Quiet Riot's concert at the Hammersmith Odeon (issue 64), I'm convinced he doesn't know what he's writing about (*so is everyone else on* Kerrang! – *Ed*).

I saw Quiet Riot at St. David's Hall in Cardiff on their recent tour and the band was amazing. I'm certain they were equally as good in London. In fact, everyone who saw them must have been totally satisfied with the value for money offered by the striped ones.

Assholes like Dome should stick to Culture Club! **Dio, Newport, S. Wales.**

WEBBED FRIEND
STEVE OF Luton obviously doesn't know what he's talking about (see *Kommunication*, issue 64). His comments on Spider were completely ridiculous.

Maybe if idiots like him were to crawl back under the nearest stone then decent bands like Spider would be given a fair chance. It's about time Steve woke up and realised Spider deliver good music that's appreciated by many. **Andy Pandy, North Allington, Bridport, Dorset.**

ATOMIC HOG
ISN'T IT about time you published another interview with Vincent Crane, Atomic Rooster's manic keyboards player? His virile flailing of the keys and the wild power of his Hammond C3 organ sound helped re-define the role of the keyboard in rock music during the early Seventies. Such an influential member of HM history deserves far more coverage than he has hitherto been accorded by *Kerrang!*

And whilst we're on the subject of overlooked greats, what about giving a little space to Tony McPhee, unquestionably England's finest and most original blues guitarist? In the late Sixties/early Seventies his band, the Groundhogs, were the greatest power-trio in the country, matching the quality of such legends as the Jimi Hendrix Experience and BBA (Beck, Bogert and Appice). **Tom McCandless, Waterbury, Connecticut, USA.**

We featured Vincent Crane in issue 47 at the time the last Atomic Rooster album, 'Headline News', was released. Since then, neither the band nor Crane have done anything worthy of coverage. At the present time, the Roosters are resting before beginning work on new projects.

In the meantime, Tony McPhee is touring regularly on the UK club/pub circuit with his new band, Tony McPhee's Turbo. – Ed.

REAPING THE HARVEST
WELL, THANK goodness you've at last come to your senses and featured that most underrated of bands – Grim Reaper (see feature, issue 65).

To my mind, they play some of the finest HM to be found on the current British circuit and Nick Bowcott (lead guitar) is really spectacular – eat your heart out, Eddie Van Halen, cos this guy is the last word in fast-moving fretboard wizardry!

Anyone who hasn't seen this band live should check 'em out at the earliest opportunity. **The Poison Toad.**

MUSIC FOR NO-HOPERS
WELL, WELL, so the much-publicised 'Hell On Earth Tour' (featuring Metallica, the Rods and Exciter) was called off at the last minute (see issue 65)! I can't say it surprised me in the least. The fact is, ticket sales were poor because none of these bands has any talent worth checking out.

Indeed, as a heavy rock fan I find it distressing that the Music For Nations label actively promote such ridiculous rubbish as Mercyful Fate, Manowar, Anthrax and their ilk. Such acts, alongside Twisted Sister/W.A.S.P./Venom, are turning HR into a joke and doing irreparable damage to the whole genre.

Serious, talented bands such as Heavy Pettin, Mama's Boys and Samson might well be adversely affected through association (albeit misguided) with such garbage.

The current situation whereby national radio happily ignores rock music won't be changed whilst those in control can point the finger at highly publicised bands such as the above who simply turn heavy music into a laughing stock. MFN and other like-minded independent HM-orientated labels have a lot to answer for. **T. Beard, A Concerned Rock Fan, Derby.**

READING & WAITING
I'VE BEEN desperately searching *Kerrang!* over the past few months for any mention of this year's Reading Festival. Yet so far nothing has been announced on this issue.

So, could you put me out of my misery and just print the latest information concerning Reading. To be precise – *is* there going to be one in '84 or not? I'm sure there are thousands of rock fans who are as anxious as I am to find out. **Steve, Blaenavon, S. Wales.**

According to a spokesman for the organisers of the festival, NJF/Marquee, there will definitely be another Reading binge this year. At the time of going to press the actual dates had not officially been announced. However, it seems likely that the three-day rock jamboree will take place from August 24-26, though it remains unclear at present which actual site will be used. The Thameside area employed for a considerable number of years has now been ruled out and alternatives are currently under investigation. – Ed.

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

Fed up with slogging down to your local retailer only to find that he's just sold the last copy of *Kerrang!* Why not take out a **SUBSCRIPTION** and have it delivered every two weeks in a nice plain brown envelope (so the neighbours will never know).

A year's subscription (26 issues) costs £30 to UK readers, 60 US dollars overseas. Airmail rate is 96 dollars.

Complete the form below and send it to ***Kerrang!*, Subscriptions, Morgan Grampian, 30 Calderwood Street, London SE18 6QH.** Please make cheques or international money orders payable to Spotlight Publications.

Please send me *Kerrang!* for the next 12 months (26 issues). I enclose a cheque/money order for .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

Is the SPIRIT reunion just a ploy to make a fast buck? "Definitely not," keyboard player JOHN LOCKE tells DARREN CROOK . . .

HI, THERE! Well, this event, the reformation of that classic US band Spirit, is more than welcome news to this newcomer to the ranks of your fave mag. The music produced by these guys in the past has influenced many musicians old and new, and they rank as one of the most original bands of all time.

Having strolled down to their UK press office at *Phonogram Records* to jaw with keyboard player John Locke, I asked him to sketch out a brief history of the band . . .

"Oh well, here goes – a short history of Spirit . . . Spirit was formed in the first month of '67 by myself, Ed Cassidy (drums) and Randy California (guitar). Jay Ferguson (vocals and percussion) and Mark Andes (bass) came into the band a little later. The name came from Cass; it's from a novel by Kahil Gilbran – 'Spirits Rebellious'. We dropped the 'Rebellious' after a short while, though, because we felt it was out of context.

"We did four albums as that original line-up culminating in 'Twelve Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus', which achieved cult status over here in Europe, for one reason or another. Then the band broke up, as bands do, because of poor response to that album.

"However, the LP gained in sales over the years and we made a couple of attempts to get back together; we were all so healthy and happy, and that culminated in this project – which is coming out on *Phonogram* – being recorded about a year ago in A&M Studios Hollywood on the Charles Chaplin Sound stage there. We did it live on 48 tracks in front of seven video cameras. It then took us about a year to get it all mixed and organised (!) to come out. Here it is – the first single '1984' with an instrumental, 'Elijah', on the B-side.

"There are four formats coming out – the single has '1984'/'Elijah' on it, the 12" has '1984'/'Got A Line On You'/ 'Elijah', the cassette has everything and the album has everything with the exception of 'Elijah' because there wasn't enough room for it. Well, that's it in a nutshell (phew!)"

I PUT it to John that certain people may see the reunion as a purely commercial, money-making stunt . . .

Pic Peter Cronin/Redfern

JOHN LOCKE: "I think we've come up with the goods."

"That's bollocks, because the band has had a spiritual connection between all its members for years – we've always felt a great bond. We got back together in '76 for a short while and played some live dates, culminating in a gig at the Santa Monica Civic. A live album was issued but there wasn't exactly an overwhelming response ot it. Then we did some rehearsing a couple of years ago and finally got the support, a year or so back, to do this album.

"There hasn't been any money so far and I don't know if there will be because to me the old diehard Spirit fans are not going to make that much difference – it's whether or not we reach a new audience that matters, and in that respect we're like a new band, I would say, because fans of *Kerrang!* are not going to really know about Spirit at all – except perhaps for Randy's efforts which are more in the heavy rock category. By the way, I'm sure that his new album, which has got a lot of 'guitar crunch' on it, will be well liked – it's quite excellent.

"As far as the old 'we're in it for the money' bit goes, I don't think any of us really need the money that much, so it's a question of let's see – if there is money then fine, we all like to make money, but I think that Spirit's career was abbreviated. We sort of quit at our creative peak because of some disappointing reviews to what we considered our finest album, 'Twelve Dreams . . .'

"And, in fact, as the years rolled by and sales increased and it went gold and so forth, it tended to prove us right; we had indeed made a good album and it WAS premature of us to break up. So, in a sense, we're picking up the threads of 'Sardonicus' – we've included some old material on the album because there was a call for us to re-do some of our classics with new technology and recording facilities, and also because we felt that the old stuff was still relevant to today's music scene."

What sort of sound were you going for with the new LP? The old Spirit sound was a jazz/rock/psychedelic fusion – do you think you have a more 'modern' sound now?

"Yeah, I think that if you listen to the new album you'll find that 'it's in the pocket'. Strong rock and roll is the way I'd describe it. There's some jazz – there always were those different elements in the band; jazz from myself and Cass, classical music from Jay Ferguson, blues from Mark Andes and blues rock and folk from Randy, who also played with Jimi Hendrix for a while."

DO YOU think that the album will appeal to, say, the newer rock generation, the Kiss, AC/DC fans, for example?

"Yeah, I think that the tracks '1984', 'Mr. Skin' and 'Black Satin Nights' are all heavy rock songs and should appeal to most hard rock fans."

To go back in time for a moment, what was each member up to prior to this get-together?

"Well, the band broke up in '71; Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes went on to form Jo Jo Gunne, Randy, myself and Cass carried on for a while, then Randy left and we got a couple of Texans in the band and did one album which wasn't very successful, and that was the end of that.

"I went on to do loads of sessions in Los Angeles with people you've never heard of, worked on a Stray Cats album and then met Nazareth about four years ago.

"I worked on all the albums from 'The Fool Circle' up to '2XS' and toured around the big stadiums of America with them for a couple of years. That was a laugh, great fun; they're a great bunch of guys – Scottish Crazies! – I love 'em. I only left that band because I didn't like the way the management was treating me."

There is the age question, of course. None of the guys in the band are spring chickens any more – how long do you see yourselves lasting?

"Well, it's hard to say – we have to reach a new audience as I said. How long can people go on playing rock 'n' roll? How long is it viable? I don't know. I used to have my doubts, but it's a matter of keeping healthy and keeping your head together – which we all seem able to do.

"There haven't been any burn outs yet, so it's a question of whether we can provide some vitality in our own music and whether we can strike a chord."

WHAT ABOUT touring, though?

"I'm afraid that I really haven't got a clue. Obviously, we'd like to, and I think Europe would be the natural place to start."

Why is that?

"Well, we were always liked over here and Randy has continued to have his albums released here as well. Also, we are only popular in select parts of the States which is not an advantage."

Finally, was this reunion a unanimous decision?

"Yes, we've *all* wanted this since the initial get-together in '76, and I'd like to add here that if a band of our age can still cut it and make a valuable contribution then I don't see that there should be ANY aversion to it. I think that we've come up with the goods; I only hope the public comes to the same conclusion."

MONROETTES

JAIME ST JAMES of Black 'N' Blue: a mayhemic matinée.

Pic Robert Ellis

HEADPINS/ BLACK 'N' BLUE
Odeon Hammersmith

"WELCOME TO the early show," cried Dee Snider clone Jaime St James, lead singer with Los Angeles' latest export 'Black 'N' Blue'. I did feel sorry for them. I mean, coming on when the pubs have just opened must be a killer blow for any support band.

Playing to an empty house is no fun, but Black 'N' Blue took it in their stride and easily lasted the 15 rounds (that's seven numbers to you and me, squire), winning over the audience that had bothered to show up early. And they even managed to get a few headbangers going down the front – a triumph which even kept yours truly away from the bar!

Well, the first disappointment of the evening was that the 1600 'wicked bitches' Jaime had promised to bring over and share out, were nowhere to be seen. But, that aside, boy was I impressed. Not your usual LA sound this, which may have something to do with the fact that Black 'N' Blue originally hail from a pit called Portland further up the coast.

If I had to make a comparison it would be with Def Leppard, with a touch of AC/DC thrown in for good measure along with a hint of Los Angeles humour. It was nice to see a band actually *enjoying* themselves and not just going through the motions, like headliners Whitesnake. Numbers such as 'Hold On To 18' and 'Autoblast' were so classily put together and played you couldn't help but admire the professionalism of these boys.

Lead singer, the aforementioned Jaime St James, didn't overdo it on the tedious rap front, indulging instead in Dave Lee Roth/Jane Fonda work-out-style jumps. Patrick Young is obviously from the Pete Way school of bass playing, while skinbasher Peter Holmes was a real pounder – definitely in the Scott Columbus league. Which just leaves axemen Tommy Thayer and Jeff Warner who came into their own during 'The Strong Will Always Rock', which had touches of Accept about it.

And talking of Accept, I think B 'N' B should elbow out the ol' leaning to and fro routine; it looked korny, and playing a drum solo when you're third on the 'jack and jill' is not a bright idea either. Still, I loved every goddamn chord, and they sensibly saved their best number, 'The School Of Hard Knocks', until last. This contained the throwaway line, *'from the school of hard knocks, we came to rock your socks off'*, and that's exactly what they did. See yer down the LA Forum, lads.

XAVIER RUSSELL

DARBY MILLS of Headpins: ditch those sidemen!

Pic Robert Ellis

HEADPINS' Darby Mills is a star waiting for the right firmament in which to shine. She's lively, vital and magnetic – everything the male elements in the band are *not!* And therein lies the rub because, in her present position, Darby can only be stifled by the lesser talents that surround her.

Onstage at Hammy Odeon, she sung her guts out, writhin' an' wretchin' like a true rock 'n' roll lioness – and, believe me, on this evidence most supposed female rockers are mere pussycats by comparison.

In her mannerisms and vocal ambience, Darby projected an air of Bon Scott/Brian Johnson/Dave Lee Roth/Janis Joplin – the gal is quality on two legs. She ripped the tarpaulin off such compact vehicles as 'Turn It Up', 'Line Of Fire' and 'Just One More Time' with the consummate professionalism of a born trouper. And if her lack of clothes sense (leave the leather angel approach to Suzi Q and Lita Ford and go for a more feminine style, luv) and embarrassing raps exposed her inexperience and nervousness, then both are forgivable (and correctable) faults.

The sooner Darby Mills ditches her pensionable ex-Chilliwack sidemen and picks up a few lean, mean, hungry musos, the quicker she'll reach that stairway to heaven.

MALCOLM DOME

HANOI ROCKS
Larry's Hideaway, Toronto

NOT FAR from Larry's is the El Mocambo where the Rolling Stones performed for two nights in 1977 while Keith Richards was temporarily laid up on a smack bust. The gig was unannounced, yet the place was athrong with those 'in the know'; the *cognescenti* had come to see and be seen. The El Mocambo has been living off that remarkable and impromptu gig ever since, though it has never yet equalled it, nor is it likely to.

Down at Larry's things aren't quite so hot. Basically, Larry's is a dive. Upstairs you can hire a hooker and a room for considerably less than the El Mocambo was asking for a ticket that fateful night, and downstairs the bar is open till 1am and a goodly crowd has gathered despite the 10 dollars being demanded at the box office for tonight's performance. Some are here purely out of curiosity; who are these dissolute Scandinavians with their fey glances and oh so *chic* make-up?

Some are here, however, because it's the only place they can go to sport their latest creations, tardy copies of London fashions, but what the hell, whose to know it was the thing to be wearing a whole six months ago where it's *really* at? And some are here because they wanted to see the support band but have hung around just in case they might see and be a part of something special . . . they might even tell their children.

Larry's isn't the El Mocambo and Hanoi Rocks aren't the Rolling Stones, but who knows? Maybe someday they can swop stories; Yeah, I was there, Hanoi Rocks' first ever American date, I was there, you know?!

So they collected and they gazed and soon they were awed. 'Carmina Burana' gave way to 'Pipeline' and 'Pipeline' gave way to Mike Monroe. He preens his way through 'Oriental Beat', this glorious and pristine mannequin, too perfect, surely, to be real. He isn't Mick Jagger, not yet at any rate, but just to watch him seems enough for the time being. He *is* a star; less antagonistic than of old, more controlled, he prepares himself for glory.

Stage left, Andy McCoy, the insolent, cock-sure, sullen-cheeked gypsy, unfurls another guitar intro to 'Don't You Ever Leave Me', no two ever being alike, but this is just the lull before the storm of 'Tragedy', which bursts its floodgates, and then they're cruising for home . . . and Monroe's cruising through the air, taking a swan-dive off the stage and into the crowd, and God, yes, I was there, you know, I *touched* him . . . and maybe they'll tell their children.

There's something rather menacing about this band, something brash and arrogant and dangerous, a newly acquired confidence in their own ability; call it faith, call it power, it's almost tangible . . . it's like they've sighted the promised land and are just itching to lay waste to that, too. And maybe I'll stick around for the carnival . . .

DAVE DICKSON

THE KINKS
Palais, Hammersmith

THE KINKS enjoy a unique position somewhere very close to the heart of English (yes Celtic readers, I do mean *English*). They are, of course, products of a bygone era who've hung around long after their party has finished and, finding energy to spare, have gate-crashed a few other parties, where their charm and *bonhomie* has been accepted with respect by their new hosts.

Consider their contribution, not least to the Heavy Metal genre. Pre-dating Zeppelin, Hendrix and Cream, their first hit in 1964, 'You Really Got Me', featured *the*

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

prototype heavy guitar riff. Whether it was Dave Davies or Jimmy Page who played that original solo has long been a subject of speculation, but the raucous power and raunchy simplicity of the chord sequence was such that for the first time a chordal configuration became the hook itself and the heavy riff was born. Interestingly, Van Halen's first American hit was a version of 'You Really Got Me'.

Elsewhere, the Kinks *via* songwriter Ray Davies, offered a distinctive pop/rock sensibility that has inspired generations of bands from Mott The Hoople (who also recorded 'You Really Got Me') to the Jam ('David Watts') and the Pretenders ('Stop Your Sobbing', 'I Go To Sleep').

Taking the stage at the Hammersmith Palais in 1984, 20 years since their first hit, it is obvious how a band from their era differs from comparable, more contemporary rock groups. Firstly, the Kinks are not 'great' players. Most modestly successful bands playing the Marquee could probably display greater individual prowess than the Davies brothers and drummer Mick Avory, the three remaining original Kinks. But the band have evolved a unique chemistry, a certain *knowingness* about their art which overrides considerations of technical ability.

Secondly, the Kinks are not afraid of being gentle with their audience. The delicate imagery and poignant warmth of numbers like 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone', 'Tired Of Waiting' and 'Dead End Street' seduce the crowd rather than hammering them into submission.

They tread a fine line between paying respect to a wonderful heritage, and lapsing into simple nostalgia for its own sake. Naturally the crowd wants to hear all the old favourites, but the band balance tones out with other newer and less familiar songs, such as 'State Of Confusion', 'Property', 'Heart Of Gold' and '20th Century Man', the latter featuring some comprehensive soloing and riffing from Dave Davies, who still looks every inch the star that he is.

The two non-original members, bassist Jim Rodford and keyboardist Ian Gibbons, provide able and enthusiastic support, particularly with their back-up vocals, while drummer Mick Avory looks hard-pressed at times – I worry for him during the uptempo 'David Watts' – but otherwise seems to be enjoying himself.

The star of the show is, of course, Ray Davies and his catalogue of superb songs. Looking like a cross between Lonnie Donegan and Sting, and changing his jacket at least eight times, Davies sings his gently-ironic, deeply-evocative songs like a vaudeville master of ceremonies. 'Don't Forget To Dance' and 'Come Dancing' are both ideally suited to this Mecca ballroom and, during the latter, the Palais' own twirling-ball lights play across the audience. The lighting throughout is superb, a variety of moods and colours which perfectly match the songs.

'Lola' draws by far the most enthusiastic response from the crowd, and the band play it well, but for me the finest moment is an encore of 'Waterloo Sunset'. Played with serene dignity, this finely-drawn picture of two lovers meeting on Waterloo Bridge in the evening rush-hour touchingly encapsulates the London of the Sixties, evoking a mood of melancholy optimism, the moment when a twinkle turns to a tear.

The Kinks have long held a place in my heart, a place held all the more securely for seeing this gig.

DAVID SINCLAIR

ARMORED SAINT/MALICE
Perkins Palace, Pasadena

IN THE halls of Heavy Metal there's a handful of bands who live up to their names – Styx is wet as Hell, Godz are Supreme Beings, Journey are long and boring. And Malice is vicious! Loud, brash, unrelenting, total ear-damage stuff – sounds like a convoy of cement trucks with a Hells Angels' escort running over an amplified fishwife!

This band means business. Only trouble is that their business card would probably have: 'Judas Priest, Hollywood Branch' stamped across it. If Mike Yarwood were doing a Priest impression he could learn a lot from this bunch. James Neal has got Halford's scream and clenched fist down to an art, Jay Reynolds has perfected KK's long blond locks and flying-V poses, and the dual guitar sync-headbanging thrashes up front – hey, Rob's *mother* would probably fail a blindfold test! But put this all aside for a moment if you can, and you're left with a mighty strong band, fine musicians, and one of the heaviest outfits in Hollywood.

A ponderous, dramatic, sensurround chord rumbles through the smoke, and the packed crowd (over 2,300) gets down to air-punching and headbanging in earnest as Malice take their place. More leather than a cattle farm in Texas, more studs than a singles bar in LA, and the sound is solid, brash and unrelenting, so loud and nasty it sounds like an entire town is getting mugged, massacred, bombed and strangled.

Close your eyes and it's Priest. *Open* your eyes and it's Priest! Sorry, but it keeps coming back to that, however well they play. There's one song, the last one, 'Rockin' With You', which Neal sings rather than screams, and it's the best of the lot. Which only goes to show that with a bit more diversity and a bit more confidence in their own ability, they could be a killer band.

It's the first show Armored Saint have played since December, the last before they start on their album, and the crowd's going ape, chanting "Saint! Saint! Saint!" like some Catholic v Hindu football match in heaven, as Malice's red skull backdrop gets replaced with the knight in the plumed helmet. Someone sets off a smoke machine and a deep, rumbling, gothic note, like the intro to some grand classical opus, sends shivers up your spine, lodging in your braincells.

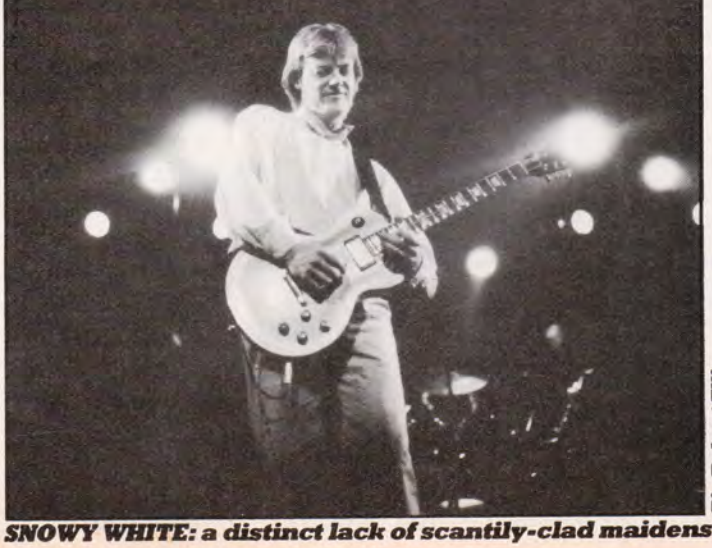
On one side, a man in black armour stalks the stage, wielding a massive sword. On the other, a knight in silver armour brandishes his mighty weapon and the crowd roars approval. A clash of blades, the black knight falls, gets the s**t nobly beaten out of him and is unceremoniously dragged off by the roadies. The silver knight stands centre-stage, haloed by the light, fist clenched, arm raised in victory. And as the crowd lift their hands, the knight removes his helmet, two guitarists flank him, and its 'March Of The Saints' and down to headbanging in a big way.

Armored Saint, anyone will tell you, are the 'headbangingest band' in LA. What they'll also tell you is that, whereas before they were all raw energy, excessiveness and over-the-topness, nowadays it's been tempered with just the right amount of control, cohesiveness and professionalism. Which makes for one damn good band, and (with all this fab Knight Out On The Town stuff) a damn good show.

The Saints have managed so far to combine crowd-pleasing with musical integrity, and to combine gun-melting Metal – screams and drum solos and tough, heavy guitars – with subtler, more melodic and more dramatic numbers. Can't think of one song I didn't like – and they played a whole lot of them, their entire repertoire I think, for about an hour and a half, and I still wasn't bored – and a lot that I did: 'Envy', with its distinctly thwacking S&M sound, 'Stricken By Fate', which is getting a lot of local airplay, starting with a solid thumping drum solo, new one 'The Laugh' a real fist-puncher with a wonderfully heavy guitar hit in the middle, 'Take A Time With Me', slower, nicely sung, with a big dramatic build-up at the end, 'Seducer', hard-core headbanging material, 'You're Never Alone', piercing enough to cut through armour, 'Madhouse', where a local loony jumps onstage, shakes singer John Bush's hand and politely jumps back into the throng – and the propulsive 'Released'.

Armored Saint look good (silver armour leg-stuff as well as the usual black leather) and sound good (the five work excellently off each other, always solid and cohesive). 'Saints Will Conquer' is their motto, and from tonight's show, I don't see why they shouldn't.

LAURA CANYON



Pic Robert Ellis

SNOWY WHITE: a distinct lack of scantily-clad maidens.

SNOWY WHITE/BOYS DON'T CRY
Dominion, London

SNOWY WHITE is not the sort of axeman to leap through hoops of blazing fire, flaunting waist-length brilliant green hair, or cavort with scantily-clad girls whilst bearing hideous yellow fangs. A sober sort of chap is our Snowy, with clean-cut good looks and the laid back repose of a tennis club secretary who has decided not to stand for re-election this year.

But it says much for the shy, retiring young man that he has got himself a hit record, his own band and is now confident enough to play long guitar solos in a well-filled West End theatre. The bird of paradise has given him a much-needed peck up the ass. There was a time when he would hide behind curtains rather than be seen as Pink Floyd's 'other' guitarist, but since his stints with Floyd and Thin Lizzy Snowy has stepped out.

Armed with the boys of the Breakfast Band, he has shown the world he is made of sterner stuff. At his Dominion show he began tentatively, but he was lazy like a cobra. Sudden bursts of speed and volume seemed all the more alarming after choruses of mean and moody chords.

He certainly has a loyal and devoted following. They whooped at every note as he worked his way through a series of disco stomping, jazzy solos, the band dutifully providing a sensitive back-up. He plays a tuneful, non-flashy, musicianly style. I thought of Eric Clapton and Peter Haycock as he steamed away and sang snatches through the guitar licks.

Snowy's image is in direct contrast to all prevailing trends. Somehow this calm, polite, neatly clad figure manages to seem bizarre. He'd cause a sensation in America, sated with spectacle . . . 'Hey – where's de make-up, de stackheels and de drugs?' (Sorry old chap, not my style).

Snowy's voice too was unremarkable yet perfectly pleasant. His matter-of-fact phrasing and refusal to sing any louder than was required to get a signal on the amplification, was unsettling. Wot no screams – no cries of 'De ja feel AWLRIGHT!' It was uncanny. *'Fortune keep smiling on me'*, sang Snowy blithely as if at home clipping the hedge.

But Snowy set up a blizzard of guitar work on a piece called 'Broken Promise', which had a West Coast groove and suited the pleasant aroma of grass coming from row Y. This, in turn, helped cover up the less pleasant aroma coming from the gents toilet which probably hasn't been cleaned since the early Fifties.

My attention was increasingly drawn to the dynamic drumming of Richard Bailey. After a long, quiet series of guitar riffs, the tempo suddenly doubled into a Mahavishnu Orchestra gallop, Richard's twin bass-drums firing on all cylinders. To my delight, he launched into an incredible solo – Billy Cobham meets Simon Phillips – and Richard Bailey won.

Boys Don't Cry, an excellent new band had the uneviable task of trying to warm up the house. Nicely balanced, beautifully played, their energetic modern songs deserved six 5.9s for effort. Pretty singer Nick

CONTINUES PAGE 42

Armored Saint

'. . . the headbangingest band in Los Angeles.'

'. . . like an entire town getting mugged, massacred, bombed and strangled.'

MALICE

Pix Ross Halfin

KONCERTS

FROM PAGE 40

Richards pogoed around the stage while they skipped through 'Don't Talk To Strangers' and 'Pure Pleasure'.

Nick, clad in red T-shirt and black PVC pants, had a cheery, enthusiastic mien and melodious voice. He will be a star in about eight months time.

I was impressed by their drummer Steve Creese, who played an electronic Simmonds kit. I wonder how you rest a cigarette on those skinny bass drums? Let us hope the Boys didn't cry at the lack of audience fervour. We shall hear more of them, I'm sure.

CHRIS WELCH

CHASAR
Capitol Theatre, Aberdeen

A THREE-piece, Chasar had a right to be nervous on this the first date of the Pallas UK tour, playing in front of Pallas' home fans no less.

Minimal on the vocals, wide on the musical horizons, Chasar's material is all about drama! No visual theatrics – are you kidding, this bunch look like they can just about afford the price of a fish-supper let alone fork out for costumes and dry ice machines and risers and expensive brain tranquilisers *et al* – but the musical landscape they explore is full of colour and light.

Influenced by groups like Rush and Pink Floyd, Chasar's numbers are long and intricately arranged. Alex Pollock's guitar dominates everything, really bossing the sound and, heaving the melodies into overdrive.

Very much a *band*, the three musicians – Jim Marshall on drums, the aforementioned Pollock on guitar/vocals and Pete Marshall on bass – mould and weave together, flirting with the arrangements, the dynamics, the structure and the sound. Opening with 'Destiny' before grooving deftly into 'Deceiver', Chasar spun the wheel forward so fast the numbers zoomed and soared in and around the concert hall.

The songs are long, sure, but potentially, with the right input of *sensitive spending* and *progressive* record company marketing, Chaser could, uh, be, well y'know, big (ish). Go and see them with both eyes open.

MICK WALL

BERNIE TORME
Marquee, London

NOW FIRMLY established as Britain's most underrated guitarist, Bernie Tormé returned to the Marquee with yet another new rhythm section and as ever blew the assembled throng away with his unique brance of wailing Stratocaster histrionics.

As on the new live album, the 'Presences' intro tape gives way to a blistering rendition of 'Wild West', its semi-chugging riff intermeshed with Bernie's notorious sustained powerchords and searing solos. As for the aforementioned new rhythm section, well, in reference to them, the phrase 'tight as a duck's arse' simply takes on a new meaning.

'Turn Out The Lights', which, as the title track of Bernie's first solo album, was a polite, yet faithful, stomp through white man's blues, has now taken on a far more gutteral edge. While never relying on constant riff churning, Bernie has now mastered the long lost knack of delivering classic blues with true grit.

Of the new material, 'My Baby Loves A Vampire' and 'The Beat' both show that it's possible to write rock songs that would sound great on the radio, though with the obsession most of the country's DJs have developed for men who wear dresses, and the pox-ridden corpse of Disco re-emerging yet again, it's highly unlikely that the wail of feedback will bless our airwaves for quite a while yet.

Another newie, 'Mystery Train', had bassist Chris Heilman exchanging his ferocious four-string for a second lead guitar. But, though the song was laced with interesting good intentions, the performance sadly lacked direction, as did the tape-backed attempted hypnotics of 'Arabia'.

If some of the new material suffered from lack of rehearsal, no such criticism could be levelled at the ever superlative 'Getting There', a song that stands as absolute proof of Bernie's ability to write rock classics. Structure, dynamics, feel – you name it, this song has it. The studio version was brilliant, but live it takes on a whole new meaning, something to do perhaps with the passively-picked guitar intro, the tortured lyrics and the cacophonous, yet soulfully emotive, thunder of steel guitar strings reverberating to the whirling hum of Marshall stacks.

In these sad days when guitar 'players' seem to be going out of fashion and the alternative is cranky Yankees doing a none too good job of rehashing Seventies' glam rock or failed coal miners and Scandinavian cretins praying to horned beasts at their local Satanic wendy houses, I for one am glad that 'music' is not totally dead.

GEOFF BANKS

JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
Lyceum, London

FIVE YEARS . . . my brain hurts a lot . . . five years . . . that's all we got . . .

The last time I crossed whiskers with these catz was at the Speakeasy in 1978 when the band cruised up and over into shadow-anthems like 'Too Much Junky Business' and 'Hey, Hey, We're The Junkies (People Say We Junky Around)' which, at the time it must be remembered, served to turn the turn-on screws that inch tighter than the bloodied tourniquet that was choking the guitar-picking arms of the likes of Peter Perrett and The Only Ones or – sure, why not? – even the Strolling Bones, but ultimately left me with a taste in the mouth as sour and as blurred as prolonged drug addiction alone can induce. It was reactionary and it had black teeth that left marks on your arm – and it had absolutely No Future whatsoever, believe me . . .

Half a decade ago, back in the smokey half-world, what can it mean today, kidz? Oh, sweet nothing!

So, like, yeah, I expected a gun loaded with blanks from this 'reunion' gig . . . and what did I get instead?

Bullet holes, baby; sten-guns exploding into the pink hearts, yellow livers and constipated bowels of the Strand! The tone was so raw and dirty that priests in the neighbourhood churches ran for the confessional . . . even whores on the street corner began blushing . . .

It was, uh, rock-fish and chips with plenty of malt vinegar dissolving in a black spoon. Walter Lure gave his nonchalently convincing impersonation of the detached guitar-bored-but-kool-anti-hero to Johnny Thunders' primeval caveman with a bad hang-up shout-an'-pout, crows legs giving birth astride the grave. Listen kid, Thunders started life as a secondhand Keff Richards codpiece and has ended up as the tarnished buckle on Lou Reed's Gucci boots. Dig it! The original Johnny Far East. You *pay* and he'll *slay* ya . . .

Billy Rath on bass and Jerry Nolan on haircut filled up the rest of the canvas with an earthy expressionism Johnny Cougar would like to think he's got a patent on but would pull a funny face at if it ever slithered under his pretty nose.

It was a great gig! Great!

MICK WALL

JESS COX BAND
Marquee, London

SUPPORTING Metallica, the Ramones of Heavy Metal, at the Marquee is not an enviable job, and by and large the Jess Cox Band coped well with the problems of drastically-limited stage space and an audience impatient to see the San Franciscan dervishes.

Cox was the original Tygers of Pan Tang vocalist, though he stayed with them only for the first album, 'Wild Cat' (1980), before being replaced by Jon Deverill. Cox then went on to front Lionheart, and now appears as his own man, complete with eponymously-titled band and a new album, 'Third Step'.

And a tidy little outfit they are too. Drummer Geoff Nixon and bassist Dave Donaldson form a tightly-knit backdrop to the twin guitar attack of John Stormont and Neil Shepherd. Stormont has a fluent, underplayed style, though tends sometimes to lapse into rather pedestrian rhythm playing, while Neil Shepherd is the youngblood virtuoso. With his blond/curly hair, black Les Paul and frighteningly fast, deft lead playing he bears more than a passing resemblance to another ex-Tyger, the new star of Whitesnake, John Sykes.

In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if he himself is lifted from the Jess Cox Band by some big-name act before too long. He clearly belongs in a different league. His solo at the end of 'Fallen Hero', for instance, was staggering, and throughout the set it was Shepherd who provided the flashes of mica glinting amidst the cruder ore.

The band have strong material to work with. 'Rock 'N' Rollin' Man', 'Piece Of The Action' and 'Breaking Through' are all impressive songs with strong hooks, written I suspect with an eye on the American market.

With all this promise it's a shame that Jess Cox is such a hopeless singer. Quite aside from technical deficiencies such as his inability to pitch notes and stay in key, his voice is fey and dull. It's difficult to single out one example of his lack of expertise, there were so *many*.

There's a good band here, with some sharp songs, who need a new vocalist.

DAVID SINCLAIR

PALLAS/TWELFTH NIGHT
Odeon, Hammersmith

TWO VERY good up-and-coming bands for the price of one. More of a co-headliner than anything else, Twelfth Night easily pulled enough people to the Pallas gig to strongly underline their position as a British band too big to continually pull out all the stops at, say, the Marquee night after night yet just that wee bit too 'unknown' to justify or warrant a big London promoter putting on their own headlining gig at the Hammersmith Odeon. Realistically, the same could be said for the ambitious Pallas boys – more of which later . . .

Twelfth Night opened the show with 'The Ceiling Speaks', an appropriate introduction considering the magical response they received from the miniature army of zealots they'd brought with them from Reading. First and foremost, the band impressed with their studied-cool, their confident approach to the proceedings. They waste no time wool-gathering with amateur theatrics, they get right down to business.

The strength of the group lies in their depth of material. Melody and songs permeate their repertoire with a refreshing combination of power and sensitivity. New singer Andy Sears had a hell of a job on his hands stepping into the shoes of the now departed Geoff Mann, who apart from anything else was reponsible for writing the lion's share of the Twelfth Night catalogue. Sears has moulded the material into shapes and designs more fitting to his range, backed, of course, by the moody grace of Andy Revell on lead guitar, Rick Battersby on keyboards, Brian Devoil on drums and Clive Mitten on bass.

Pallas are over-impatient in their collective desire to become the biggest, most far-out fantasy outfit *probably of all time!* But you don't knock a band for wanting to be the best. What I will say about Pallas is that if only the university/college circuit was still a viable possibility for an outfit in their position then at least they'd have the space and time to develop their show, their 'act', before touting it around the Odeons and Apollos of the UK to half-full houses. As it is, they're forced to 'go for it' and compete on the same turf, in the same battle-gound, that a band like Marillion are already, and rightly, much more established in.

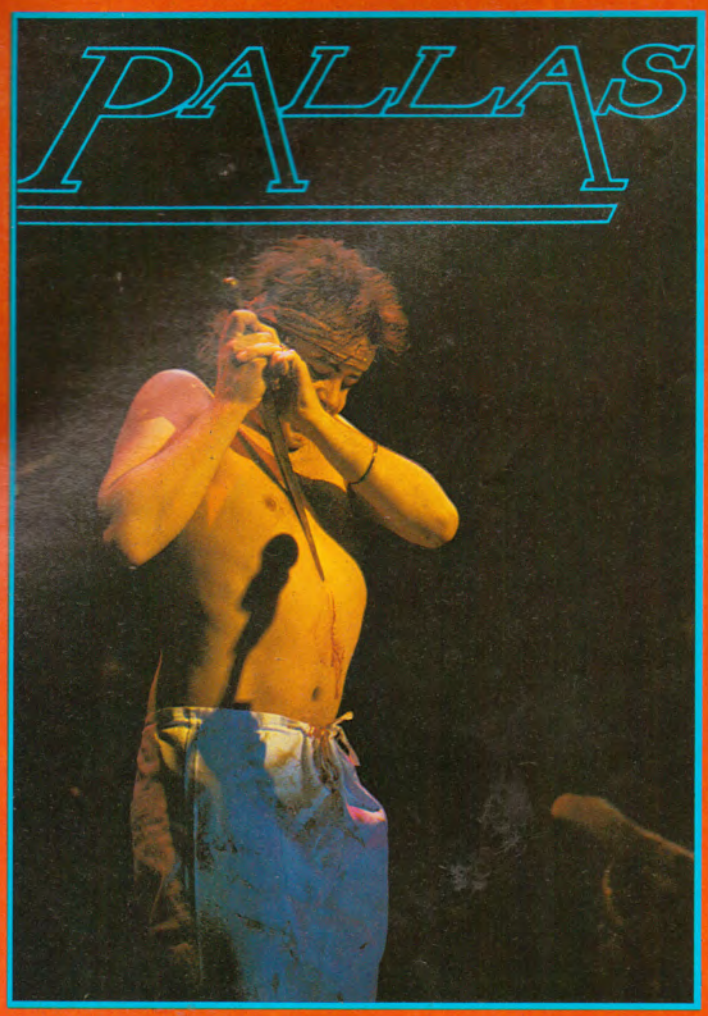
Pallas have some very, very strong material and an exciting approach to their craft, but they lack experience. In short, they spend too much energy concentrating on the theatrics and not enough is put into the music, their sound, their 'art'.

Right now, I dig the costumes more than I dig about half the show's music. It's needlessly sloppy and amateurish in some quarters and brilliantly stunning in others. The crowd, already sold on the Pallas package, loved it. They would.

MICK WALL

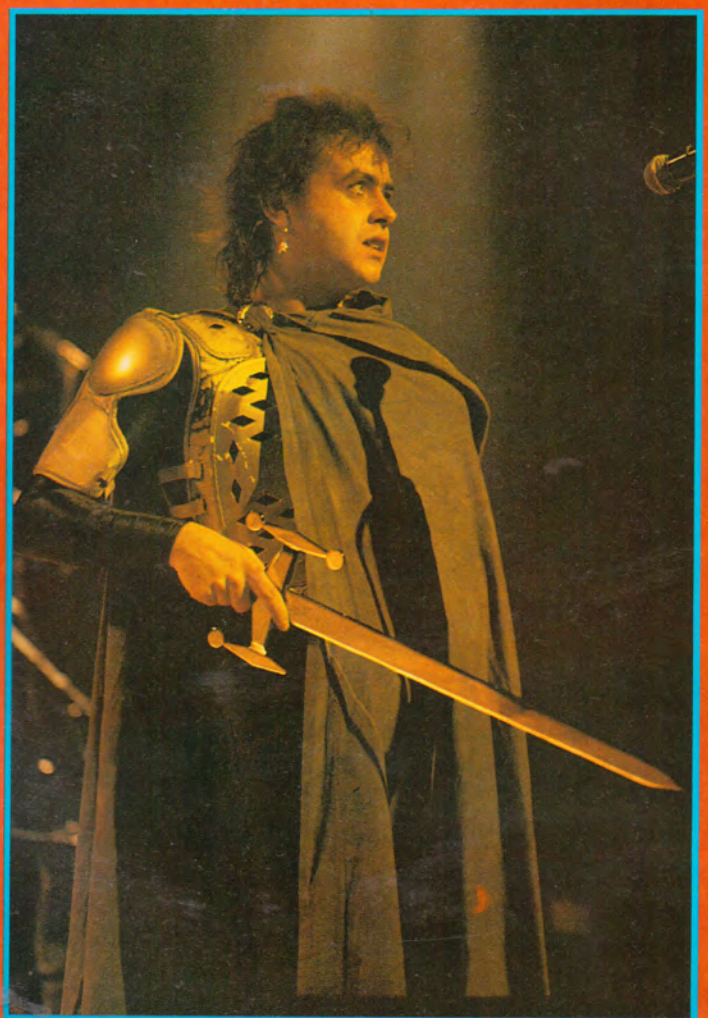
JESS COX BAND: 'a tidy little outfit' (Pic Peter Cronin).

PALLAS



***LIVING ON** a knife-edge during 'Crown Of Thorns'. . .*

***. . . MAINTAINING** a watchful gaze with 'Eyes In The Night'. . .*

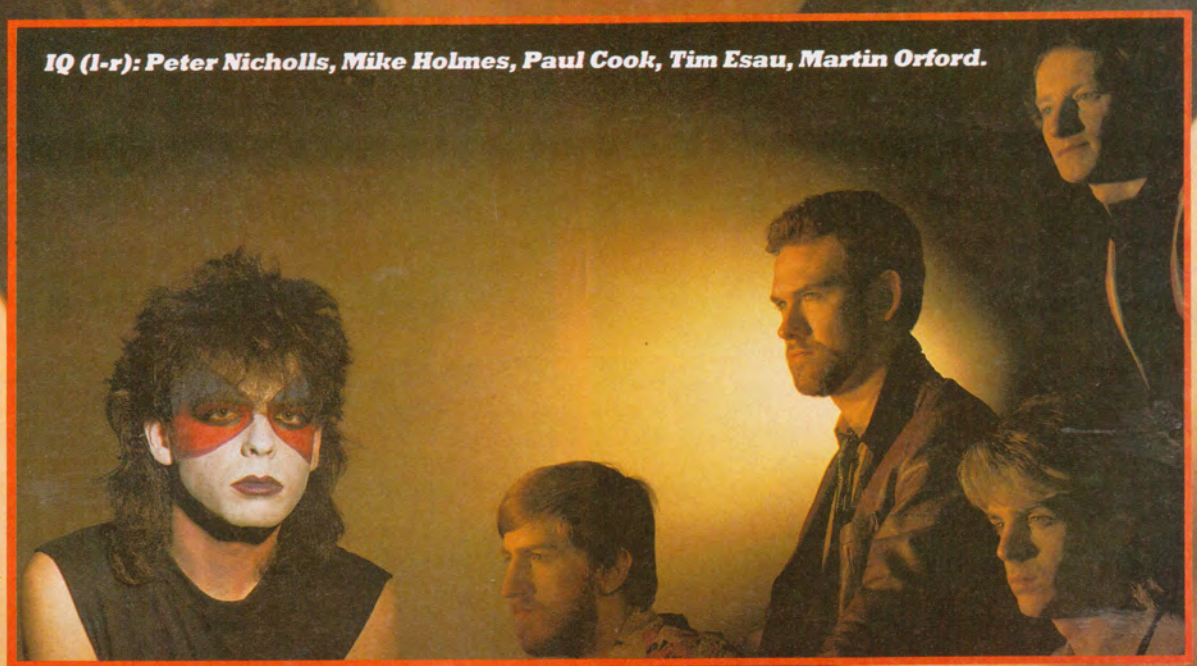


***ARMOURED** and ready throughout the 'Rise And Fall' . . .*

***. . . AND CLOAKED** in foil for 'The Sentinel', these are just some of the many guises of Euan Lowson.*

Pics Robert Ellis

IQ



IQ (l-r): Peter Nicholls, Mike Holmes, Paul Cook, Tim Esau, Martin Orford.

Pix Paul Cox

BRAIN DAMAGE

PAUL 'MENSA' ROLAND gets in the know with IQ.

IQ ARE destined for success.

From their first tour – supporting the Enid in May '83 – to the release of their stunning debut (vinyl) LP just before Xmas, all the signs have been in their favour. That self-financed album, 'Tales From The Lush Attic', sold out its initial pressing of a thousand copies within eight weeks, through mail order and gigging alone. The recent airing of one track on *'The Friday Rock Show'* doubled their following overnight and stocks of the second pressing are already running low. When I met them a few weeks later on a bitter afternoon, plans were being drawn up for their current headlining tour. IQ are on their way . . .

"Promoting the album has been incredibly time consuming," admitted bearded guitarist Mike Holmes, "but it's taken us from being also-rans to one of the front runners in a very short time".

Mike, Pete, Paul, Martin and Tim were already into their second round of sandwiches when I joined them in the foyer of The National Theatre, tape recorder at the ready. All five have that hungry art-student look, plainly dressed in threadbare jumpers and faded jeans. No-one broached the subject of 'image' – it seemed irrelevant. IQ are only concerned with the quality of their music and the standard of their musicianship.

The NT had been chosen as a venue for our interview simply for comfort and convenience, but it served to remind me that frontman Pete Nicholls – he of the Gabriel – tinged voice and Fish-like make up – had once trodden the boards of the legitimate theatre.

"I naively assumed that my actor's training would be of enormous help in putting ideas across to an audience," he confessed, "but a gig is a totally different story. I rehearse movements, but there is a contingency plan if things go wrong. In a play everything is very ordered and there is no room for *ad-libbing*. A play can be a lot of fun but gigs are generally bloody hard work. All of my stage movements have to be larger than life and at the same time more clearly defined."

PETE SEES his use of make-up and masks as carrying on a theatrical rather than a rock tradition – "their main purpose is to help create some sort of atmosphere." His use of theatrics together with his slightly forced vocal style have led to him being unjustly labelled a Gabriel clone – a tag he is keen to lose.

"I like Gabriel's music and I have a lot of respect for him, but I don't think he is a conscious influence on me now. He *was* the initial motivation for my starting in the music business, but he is far removed from what we are doing. I'd say he was a stimulant."

The Nicholls/Gabriel comparison is, however, made all the more valid by IQ's superficial similarity to early Genesis. The quirky changes in rhythm and the interplay between keyboards and guitar invite comparison with tracks from 'Selling England . . .' and 'The Lamb'. Keyboardist Martin Orford:

"I think that parallel is a valid one, but I'd say most of it is down to coincidence. I'd like to think that we use the peak of Seventies prog-rock as a starting point and are taking it a little bit further. We're trying to be progressive in *any* direction that will suit the band."

So did they feel the Genesis comparison was encouraging or stifling? Martin:

"It's more useful than detrimental. It's very flattering to be lumped with them. If people are going to compare you with someone so they can explain how you sound, it might as well be someone good! The odd thing is, so many punk bands sounded the same but no-one said *they* were copying each other!"

Pete, who offstage is the very antithesis of his demonstrative onstage persona, pitched back into the argument with a vengeance.

"What we are doing is *very* different. There is no attempt to regurgitate previous styles though, to a point, we are carrying on where Genesis left off. There *are* similarities, but we are a modern version not just a rehash."

BASSIST Tim Esau is the quiet one. He has little patience with "self-indulgent classical rock" and would like to see them have a successful indie single.

"It was a natural progression from the Heavy Metal revival to a resurgence of prog-rock, but we must make it viable for the Eighties."

Pete: "One reason why we *are* viable in the Eighties is that each of us is influenced by so many different things. We have such a broad base to work from – jazz, pop, classical . . . there are any number of different directions that we could go in."

Mike cited the reggae and jazz-rock tracks on their '82 cassette album, 'Seven Stories Into Eight', as an example of the diversity of their set. Recent gigs at *The Marquee* have seen IQ encore with covers of 'School's Out' and 'Suffragette City', and their most requested track seems to be the funky 'Barbelle', included in the set mainly for light relief. IQ learnt very early on that 15 minute tracks are fine if you can balance them with lighter, less intense pieces.

Martin: "We are a fun band, especially on stage. Even our serious songs have an element of humour. I think you can make a serious point more effectively by using humour than by getting on your soapbox and preaching. You insult an audience's intelligence if you state the obvious.

"In 'Through The Corridors' we use a black sort of humour to point out the evils of child molesting. I mean, everybody knows it is wrong so we just put our point of view and in so doing ask the audience 'What do you think?' "

Despite the LP's rehearsal room atmosphere – it was recorded and mixed in four days! – it strikes you immediately that the band's strength lies in the accessible complexity of their rhythms. Unlike their predecessors, IQ retain a refreshing spontaneity whilst dazzling the senses with incredible time signatures.

Martin: "You can do complex rhythms in two ways. One way is the one which the Seventies bands used. They made them fairly inaccessible and fiddly, but the other way is the one which we use – a very riffy approach. I think that's the fundamental difference between ourselves and the old bands."

Mike: "There's a lot more room for spontaneity within a complex rhythm – in fact, it's easier to be spontaneous within something challenging than it is within a rigid 4/4 rhythm. We are doing new things with structures and rhythms, so in that way we are *truly* progressive."

LIKE CLASSICAL music, prog-rock spins its melodies out over several minutes; its subtlety demands your full attention. 'Tales', for example, features just four tracks – two of which clock up more than 15 minutes each! Are they going to need more and more time to say something as they progress?

Martin: "No, I don't think so. We will not go into endless repetition just to create a long song."

Pete: "To a large extent the songs write themselves. If it feels good we keep going. Our music grows on you – you don't tire of it after five listens. At the moment there is an absence of music that you can listen to on headphones and drift away. I'd like to think we are reviving that type of music."

IQ are a young band, but they know that success does not come easily. They are not in a hurry, they take the breaks as they come and seem content just to stay together and build a following on merit rather than hype. In June, they head off to the States where they'll play half-a-dozen club dates in New York and a further nine in Los Angeles, an event currently being co-ordinated by publicist Howard Bloom, who's worked with the likes of Kiss and Michael Jackson.

KOMMENT

The get-it-off-your-chest kolumn

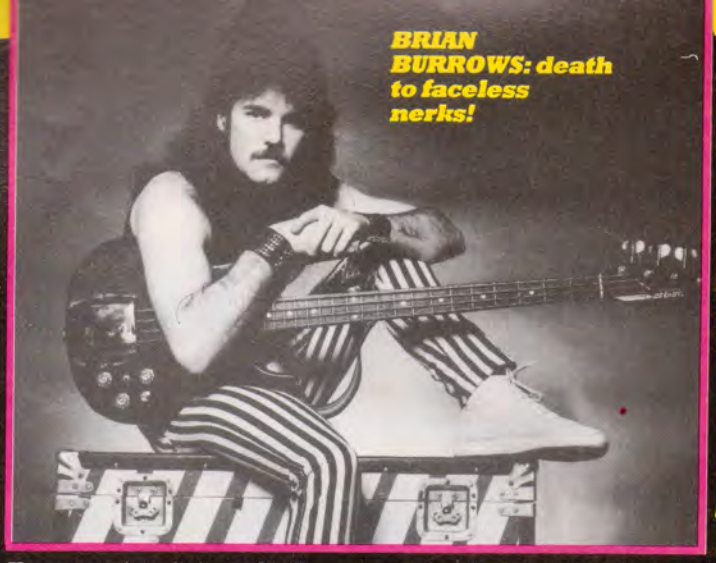
"YOU'RE ALWAYS having a dig at my band," I said, "why can't I have a go at your mag?" "OK," they said, "write 500 words on *Kerrang!*" So here goes . . .

Since its conception, I've always been an avid reader of this mag (I even bought five *Kerrang!* t-shirts to wear on the Gillan tour, to prove it) and I was over the moon when it started appearing fortnightly instead of monthly. *Kerrang!'s* appeal for me lies in the fine blend of naive enthusiasm and hard-nosed professionalism it seems to maintain. In fact, it's the most professional HM 'fanzine' in the world. Where I feel *Kerrang!* falls down, however, is that it doesn't do *enough*. Sure, it's always full of nice colour pics and lotsa comments on this band or that, but more often than not it still projects that 'underground' attitude towards heavy rock/Metal, suggesting that most bands will never become household names, when, in fact, with *Kerrang's* support, many of the acts featured in its hallowed pages could indeed become as well known as today's 'pop stars' without having to compromise their music to do so.

We all know British daytime radio sucks a big one (there's enough letters in *Kerrang!* saying so), but no-one actually does anything about it. *Kerrang!* is in a position to organise some sort of action (petitions, demonstrations, a concert perhaps?) to let Auntie Beeb know the feelings of thousands of record buyers all over Britain. Maybe then heavy rock acts could get the day-time airplay they deserve without having to conform to 'commercial' standards.

It's frightening how many record companies will not sign a 'rock' band simply because they know that without radio play it will take a lot of hard work to break the act. If this trend continues, then *Kerrang!* will eventually run out of bands to write about.

Which brings me to another point raised in Dave Dickson's *Komment* piece in issue 61. He suggests that *Kerrang!* should "widen its scope"; by this he means open up *Kerrang!'s* pages to all of the faceless nerks who appear on *Top Of The Pops* every week, even though the mags that specialise in covering faceless nerks (*No.1, Smash Hits,* etc) wouldn't give today's HM bands the time of day.



BRIAN BURROWS: death to faceless nerks!

Mr. Dickson goes on to say that Duran Duran possess a great rock 'n' roll guitarist (so why don't they make great rock 'n' roll records?), when he should be checking out the guitarists in Britain's many 'undiscovered' rock bands. *Kerrang!* is their only chance and for this reason I say KEEP *KERRANG!* HEAVY! At least until *Smash Hits el al* open their pages to today's young rock outfits.

Mr. Dickson would have us believe that this attitude is 'prejudiced' and 'ignorant' but, as far as I'm concerned, these two adjectives fit the aforementioned pop mags and daytime radio to a tee!

In its present format, even with its faults, *Kerrang!* shines out like a shaft of Metal while all around is darkness – SHINE ON!

BRIAN BURROWS (Spider)

REKOLLEKTIONS

the heavy rock almanac

April 19

1970 **Robert Plant** collapsed with exhaustion in Las Vegas at the end of **Led Zeppelin's** American tour.

1975 Tickets went on sale for Led Zeppelin's three concerts at Earl's Court in May, their first British shows for over two years. The whole lot – 51,000 – went in two hours.

April 20

1968 The **Deep Purple** Mk 1 line-up, including **Nick Simper** and **Rod Evans**, played their first live gig at Kastrup, near Copenhagen, in Denmark.

1976 Release of the **Rolling Stones'** 'Black And Blue' album, their first with **Ron Wood.**

April 21

1969 **Janis Joplin & The Kozmik Blues Band** played at the Royal Albert Hall in London.

April 22

1967 **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** hit the Top Five for the first time with the single 'Purple Haze'.

1979 **Keith Richards** played a charity concert for the blind in Toronto as a community service after his heroin conviction.

April 23

1969 The Ash Grove in Los Angeles, a rock club which had helped launch the careers of hard blues rockers like **Taj Mahal** and **Canned Heat**, burnt down.

1971 The Rolling Stones launched their own label and the album 'Sticky Fingers' by flying the British press to a reception on the French Riviera.

April 24

1969 Led Zeppelin's second tour of the USA opened at the Fillmore in San Francisco.

1982 **Status Quo**'s 20th anniversary album, '1982', hit No.1 on the album chart in its first week of release.

April 25

1958 Birthday of **Fish (Marillion).**

1974 Death of **Pam Morrison**, widow of **Doors** leader **Jim Morrison**, from a drugs overdose.

April 26

1964 The Rolling Stones' debut album entered the chart at No.1.

April 27

1972 **Phil King**, road manager for **Blue Öyster Cult** in their pre-recording days, died in New York. He was shot through the head three times in a gambling argument.

April 28

1983 **Fastway,** the new band launched by former **Motörhead** guitarist **'Fast' Eddie Clarke,** burst onto the scene.

April 29

1967 **Pink Floyd, Soft Machine,** and that forgotten mean 'n' heavy band the **Flies**, topped the bill at the 14-hour Technicolour Dream in London's Alexandra Palace. This was held in support of *International Times* magazine.

April 30

1977 **Eric Clapton** befuddled the audience at the Rainbow in London by taking a ten-minute offstage breather in the middle of his act. He claimed he was 'tired and emotional' at the end of an arduous tour.

1983 **Iron Maiden's** 'Flight Of Icarus' entered the Heavy Metal singles chart at No.1, and **Saxon's** 'Power And The Glory' replaced Marillion's 'Script For A Jester's Tear' at the top of the HM album chart.

May 1

1972 Pink Floyd played at New York's Carnegie Hall.

1976 Led Zeppelin's 'Presence' topped the *Billboard* American album chart.

May 2

1979 **The Who** played their first gig with **Kenney Jones** on drums, at London's Rainbow.

1981 'Another Brick In The Wall' by Pink Floyd was banned by the South African authorities because it was reckoned to be fermenting discontent among black schoolkids.

SINGLES

1	1	JUMP	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
2	—	TV DINNERS	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
3	8	I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU (TILL I SAW YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL)	**Rock Goddess** (A&M)
4	—	SHAPES OF THINGS	**Gary Moore** (Ten)
5	—	SHOCK TREATMENT	**Pallas** (Harvest)
6	2	LOVE TIMES LOVE	**Heavy Pettin** (Polydor)
7	3	BLUE LIGHT	**David Gilmour** (Harvest)
8	—	SOME HEADS ARE GONNA ROLL	**Judas Priest** (CBS)
9	20	MY BABY LOVES A VAMPIRE	**Bernie Tormé** (Zebra)
10	—	LEAVE IT FOUR-TRACK	**Yes** (Atco)
11	12	MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS	**Tokyo Blade** (Powerstation)
12	7	HERE WE GO ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Spider** (A&M)
13	—	SUBSTITUTE	**Great White** (EMI/America)
14	9	PUNCH & JUDY	**Marillon** (EMI)
15	5	RUN RUNAWAY	**Slade** (RCA)
16	4	BAD BOY	**Quiet Riot** (Epic)
17	13	PHOTOGRAPH	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
18	6	NIGHT OF THE HAWKS	**Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
19	11	ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE	**Scorpions** (Harvest)
20	10	WARHEAD	**Venom** (Neat)
21	18	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD	**Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
22	15	SEND DOWN AN ANGEL	**Bronz** (Bronze)
23	14	EYES IN THE NIGHT (ARRIVE ALIVE)	**Pallas** (Harvest)
24	—	THIS COULD BE THE ONE	**April Wine** (Capitol)
25	17	ALL HELL'S BREAKIN' LOOSE	**Kiss** (Casablanca import)
26	21	BIRD OF PARADISE	**Snowy White** (Towerbell)
27	26	BURNING IN THE HEAT	**Girlschool** (Bronze)
28	16	SHOOTING SHARK	**Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)
29	29	OLD TIME ROCK 'N' ROLL	**Bob Seger** (Capitol)
30	25	1984	**Spirit** (Mercury)

TOP ROCK & HM ALBUMS

15 Years Ago (April 19, 1969)

1. GOODBYE **Cream** (Polydor)
2. ROCK MACHINE I LOVE YOU **Various** (CBS)
3. LED ZEPPELIN **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
4. YOU CAN ALL JOIN IN **Various** (Island)
5. FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT **Family** (Reprise)
6. THE WORLD OF BLUESPOWER **Various** (Decca)
7. GUTBUCKET **Various** (Liberty)
8. STONEDHENGE **Ten Years After** (Deram)
9. BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS **Blood, Sweat & Tears** (CBS)
10. THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE WE SALUTE YOU **Colosseum** (Vertigo)

10 Years Ago (April 10, 1974)

1. QUEEN 2 **Queen** (EMI)
2. OLD, NEW, BORROWED AND BLUE **Slade** (Polydor)
3. BURN **Deep Purple** (Purple)
4. DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
5. THE HOOPLE **Mott The Hoople** (CBS)
6. THE FREE STORY **Free** (Island)
7. SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND **Genesis** (Charisma)
8. QUEEN **Queen** (EMI)
9. TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS **Yes** (Atlantic)
10. SLAUGHTER ON 10TH AVENUE **Mick Ronson** (RCA)

5 Years Ago (Arpil 21, 1979)

1. BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
2. JAZZ **Queen** (EMI)
3. VAN HALEN II **Van Halen** (Warner Bros)
4. MARK 2 PURPLE SINGLES **Deep Purple** (Purple)
5. OVERKILL **Motorhead** (Bronze)
6. DESOLATION ANGELS **Bad Company** (Swansong)
7. LIVE AND DANGEROUS **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
8. TOTO **Toto** (CBS)
9. STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT **UFO** (Chrysalis)
10. LIVE AT THE BUDOKAN **Cheap Trick** (Epic)

ALBUMS

1	1	FUGAZI	**Marillion** (EMI)
2	3	LOVE AT FIRST STING	**Scorpions** (Harvest)
3	4	1984	**Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
4	11	BON JOVI	**Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
5	2	ABOUT FACE	**David Gilmour** (Harvest)
6	24	THROUGH THE FIRE	**HSAS** (Geffen)
7	18	METAL QUEEN	**Lee Aaron** (Attic)
8	5	VICTIMS OF THE FUTURE	**Gary Moore** (Ten)
9	13	OUT OF THE CELLAR	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
10	6	GREAT WHITE	**Great White** (EMI/America)
11	7	THE SENTINEL	**Pallas** (Harvest)
12	20	PYROMANIA	**Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
13	46	DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN	**Samson** (Polydor)
14	10	SLIDE IT IN	**Whitesnake** (Liberty)
15	15	VIOLENCE & FORCE	**Exciter** (Music For Nations)
16	9	HAIL TO ENGLAND	**Manowar** (Music For Nations)
17	12	UNCHAINED	**Thor** (Ultra Noise)
18	37	LIVE	**Bernie Tormé** (Zebra)
19	8	HAWKWIND	**Hawkwind** (Liberty)
20	28	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
21	14	TAKEN BY STORM	**Bronz** (Bronze)
22	16	LIVE & LET LIVE	**Twelfth Night** (Music For Nations)
23	21	HOLY DIVER	**Dio** (Vertigo)
24	—	ROUGH JUSTICE	**Spider** (A&M)
25	23	THE RODS LIVE	**The Rods** (Music For Nations)
26	17	PENETRATOR	**Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)
27	19	ANIMAL GRACE	**April Wine** (Capitol)
28	22	CRUSADER	**Saxon** (Carrere)
29	26	THE AMAZING KAMIKAZE SYNDROME	**Slade** (RCA)
30	RE	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	**Marillion** (EMI)
31	33	GUITAR ALLEY	**Santers** (Ready Records)
32	29	HEADING FOR A STORM	**Vandenberg** (Atco)
33	30	MINI LP	**Hellion** (Music For Nations)
34	—	LIVE SPEED ON ICE	**Talas** (Combat)
35	34	PRICELESS	**Lisa Price** (Mirus)
36	25	FISTFUL OF METAL	**Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
37	32	BALLS TO THE WALL	**Accept** (Portrait)
38	35	COSMIC FANTASY	**Alien** (Ultra Noise)
39	27	TOUR DE FORCE	**38 Special** (A&M)
40	38	WHITE FLAMES	**Snowy White** (Towerbell)
41	41	90125	**Yes** (Atco)
42	—	THE THIRTEENTH DREAM	**Spirit** (Mercury)
43	39	SUBJECT	**Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
44	—	CAT DANCER	**Sandy Stewart** (Modern Records)
45	31	DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH	**Judas Priest** (CBS)
46	36	OUTSIDE THE LAW	**Lloyd-Langton Group** (Flicknife)
47	40	SEE YOU IN HELL	**Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
48	42	TEASING EYES	**Jade** (Zaphia)
49	47	BARK AT THE MOON	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
50	44	THE REVOLUTION BY NIGHT	**Blue Öyster Cult** (CBS)

IMPORT ALBUMS

1. BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
2. THROUGH THE FIRE **HSAS** (Geffen)
3. METAL QUEEN **Lee Aaron** (Attic)
4. OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
5. GUITAR ALLEY **Santers** (Ready Records)
6. LIVE SPEED ON ICE **Talas** (Combat)
7. PRICELESS **Lisa Price** (Mirus)
8. CAT DANCER **Sandy Stewart** (Modern Records)
9. TEASING EYES **Jade** (Zaphia)
10. OUT ON BAIL **Legs Diamond** (Target)

PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

DANTE BONUTTO

'HOT DESERT NIGHT' Icon (track from the 'Icon' LP on Capitol import)
'FIGHTING FOR THE EARTH' Warrior (demo)
'LIFELINE' Black 'N' Blue (demo)

MALCOLM DOME

'ICON' Icon (Capitol import)
'FIRST BORN' Baby Tuckoo (Ultra Noise)
'FINE, FINE LINE' Andy Fraser (Island import)

HOWARD JOHNSON

'DISILLUSION' Loudness (Music For Nations)
'OUT ON BAIL' Legs Diamond (Target import)
'BON JOVI' Bon Jovi (Mercury)

GEOFF BARTON

'GRACE UNDER PRESSURE' Rush (Vertigo)
'FIRST BORN' Baby Tuckoo (Ultra Noise)
'CLOVEN HOOF' Cloven Hoof (Neat)

KERRANG!

EDITOR
Geoff Barton

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Dante Bonutto

DESIGN
Steve 'Krusher' Joule

CONTRIBUTORS
Paul Suter, Darren Crook, Howard Johnson, Chris Welch, Dave Dickson, Malcolm Dome, Xavier Russell, Laura Canyon, Paul Roland, David Sinclair, Mick Wall, Mark Putterford

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Ross Halfin
Robert Ellis
Ray Palmer
Pete Cronin
George Bodnar

PUBLISHED by Spotlight Publications Ltd, 40 Long Acre, London WC2 9JT
Tel: 01-836 1522

MANAGING DIRECTOR
Jack Hutton

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Mike Sharman

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER
David Oberlé

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Peter Leech

PROMOTIONS EXECUTIVE
Maria Morgan

SECRETARY
Janice Issitt

CHART COMPILERS
MRIB

DISTRIBUTED by Spotlight Magazine Distribution Ltd, 1 Benwell Road, London N7. Tel: 01-607 6411

TYPESET by Marlin Graphics Ltd, Orpington, Kent

PRINTED by Severn Valley Press Ltd, Caerphilly, Mid-Glamorgan

© 1984 Morgan Grampian plc

SUBSCRIPTIONS
To receive Kerrang! for one year (26 issues) in the UK, please send a cheque/money order for £30 made payable to Spotlight Publications to: **Kerrang! Subscriptions, Morgan Grampian plc, 30 Calderwood Street, London SE18 6QH.**
Overseas readers please send 60 US dollars, or 96 dollars airmail.

MÖTLEY CRÜE will be playing half-a-dozen European festivals between August 10 and September 10, including a spot on the Castle Donington bill already featuring AC/DC and Van Halen.

The band then return to Los Angeles to begin work on their third album with producer Tom Werman and engineer Jeff Workman, the team responsible for the platinum (in America) 'Shout At The Devil' LP. It's expected that this opus will be issued on Elektra Records at the end of '84 or in January '85. MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ross Halfin